





T H E E O L I A N.



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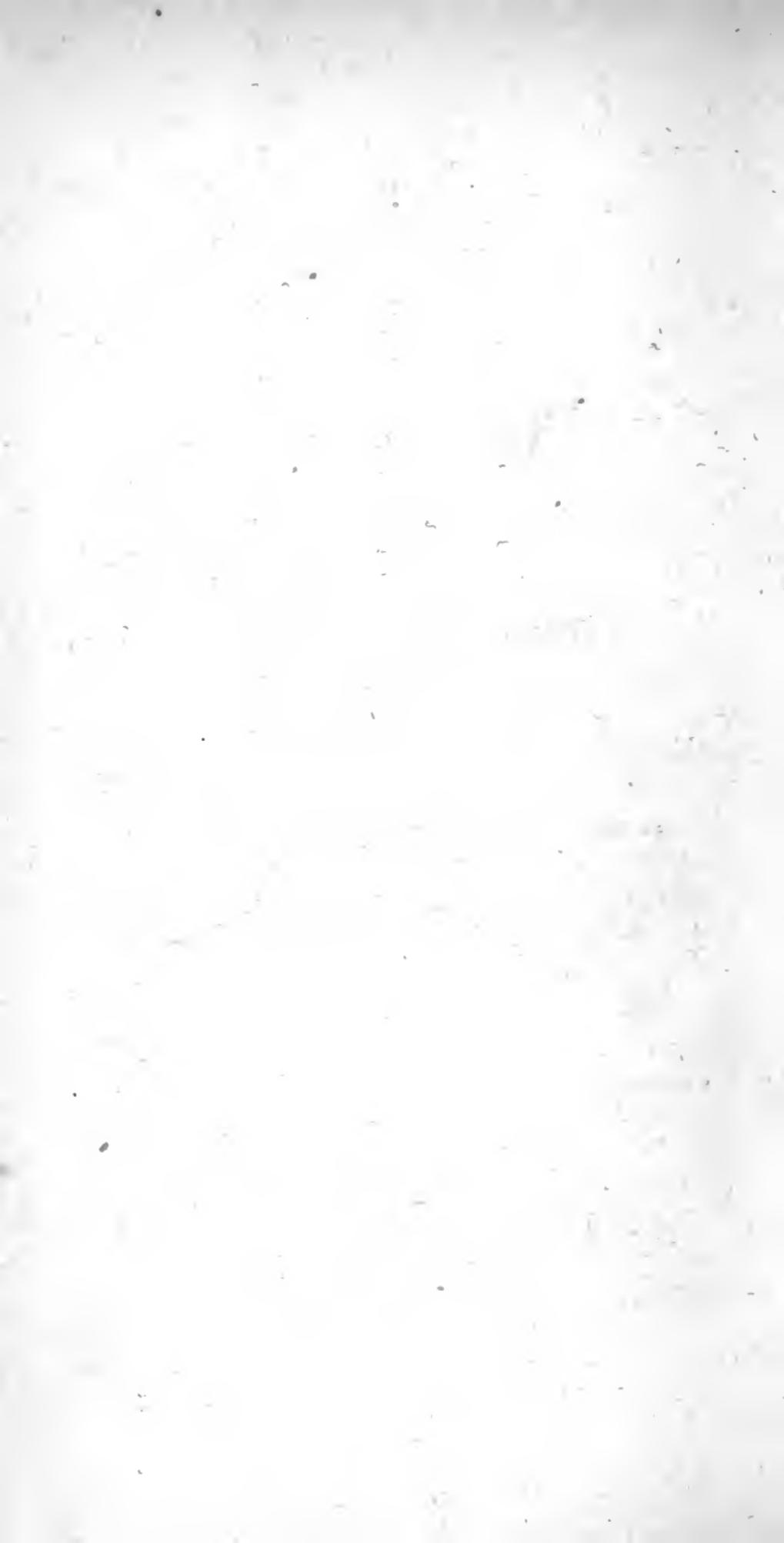
TO

J O H N A L L E N ,

THIS VOLUME

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED BY THE

A U T H O R .



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P R O E M .

THE Universe is full of harmony :—
I stood, a listener, in the outer courts
Of Nature's Temple ; and the melody
Came from a thousand harps, o'er which the air
Played with its viewless fingers.

Ocean's voice
In solemn, ceaseless, swelling grandeur joined ;
The rivers murmured in their onward flow ;
And rippling brooks and streams in softer chimes
Sent up their anthem from their pebbly beds ;
While oft the thunder rolled its heavy tones
In startling majesty through Nature's dome,

Until her temple trembled with the peals
That waked the slumbering mountains from their dreams
To give responsive echo.

Standing round,
The trees, like worshipers, swayed to and fro,
And sighed their low-voiced wailings on my ear ;
And gentle flowers, Nature's symphonies,
Breathed their soft odorous breath around my heart.
The bee came by with music on his wings :
And birds, with varied voice of sweetest song,
Poured out their joyous notes in untaught strains.

As thus I heard the universal hymn
From Nature's choir ascend, I felt a thrill
Of rapture through my soul that stirred its depths
To kindred sympathies.

And listening still,
I caught some strains that came, Eolian-like,
With their impulsive breathings on my heart :
And I have sung them as I best could sing ;

Feeling how feeble language oft must prove
To paint the strong emotions of the soul!
If they shall touch one heart, and make it throb
With warmer feelings towards the human race,
Or kindle in the mind one holier thought,
Or fix one purpose stronger in the right,
Or soothe one sorrow, lull one fear or pain,
I have not toiled for naught, nor sung in vain.



P O E S Y .

AWAY, wing'd coursers, that wait on the soul,
On your pinions free and strong;
And gather me gems without control,
In the beautiful land of song.

'Tis a pleasant land, where ye oft before
Have gathered me flowers bright;
And in those gardens are many more,
As fair to the taste and sight.

How deep is the stream of affection there—
Of love, that is brimming o'er!
And startling oft are the waves of despair,
That break on the peaceful shore.
And the turbid waters of passion rise,
Like boiling springs, on the waste,
Upon whose margin affection dies,
And beauty is ever defaced.

I love not the sad and mournful themes,
That press down the heart with woe ;
But the pure and purling crystal streams,
That sing as they gently flow.
Then away, wing'd coursers, to scenes that are fair ;
Leave all that is sad and wrong ;
And bring but the gems that are rich and rare,
To wreath in a beautiful song.

S P E A K G E N T L Y .

SPEAK gently!—It is better far
To rule by love, than fear—
Speak gently—let not harsh words mar
The good we might do here!

Speak gently!—Love doth whisper low
The vows that true hearts bind;
And gently Friendship's accents flow;
Affection's voice is kind.

Speak gently to the little child!
Its love be sure to gain;
Teach it in accents soft and mild:—
It may not long remain.

Speak gently to the young, for they
Will have enough to bear—
Pass through this life as best they may,
'Tis full of anxious care!

Speak gently to the aged one,
Grieve not the care-worn heart,
The sands of life are nearly run,
Let such in peace depart !

Speak gently, kindly, to the poor ;
Let no harsh tone be heard ;
They have enough they must endure,
Without an unkind word !

Speak gently to the erring—know,
They may have toiled in vain ;
Perchance unkindness made them so ;
Oh, win them back again !

Speak gently !—He who gave his life
To bend man's stubborn will,
When elements were in fierce strife,
Said to them, “ Peace, be still.”

Speak gently !—'tis a little thing
Dropped in the heart's deep well ;
The good, the joy, which it may bring,
Eternity shall tell.

THE WORLD OF MIND.

THERE is a world where the active mind
Soars, unrestrained by the grovelling strife
That would press it down, and its pinions bind
To the dull and plodding things of life.

This world is the boundless realm of thought ;
Where it plays, like a meteor through the sky,
And brings the forms, by its fancy caught,
To the nearer gaze of the curious eye.

From sphere to sphere, and from star to star,
With a freer flight than the lightning's wing,
Through limitless fields of ether, far
Above where the wheeling systems sing,
It wanders over celestial plains,
Through verdant pastures and blooming vales ;
And catches the soft and soothing strains
Of harp-tones, waked by the breathing gales.

Though there are mountains that towering stand
On the border paths it must pursue ;
And mighty oceans, and desert sand,
That must be crossed for a pleasant view ;
Yet Hope lures on by her constant smile,
And ever points to the happy bowers ;
And Fame afar is standing the while,
Forever waving her wreath of flowers.

But many loiter along the streams,
And quail ere the journey is begun ;
Content to catch but the feeble beams
That flow from the distant central sun.
Rouse up, faint heart, from thy soft repose ;
The sensual clogs from thy soul unbind ;
And thy journey onward will soon disclose
A higher bliss in the world of mind.

L I G H T .

THOU Sun ! from whose broad disk ethereal rays
Are poured profusely over land and sea,
Until all nature kindles in the blaze—
I wonder not the Persians worship thee ;
For I have stood and watched thy morning beams
Empearl the landscape, bathed in crystal dew ;
Or dance at evening on the crimsoned streams ;
Or fringe the clouds that veiled thee from my view,
Until I felt that I could almost worship too.

Thou source of life and light ! whose magic power
Sustains the changes of the rolling year ;
Paints the young verdure, and the opening flower,
And permeates the earth and atmosphere.
Atoms and worlds alike bask in the light
That streams unceasing from thy central fire ;
Which being quenched one moment, ancient Night
Her throne would take, and Nature would expire :
O ! Earth, the mother thou of life, thou Sun, the Sire !

Creation slept, as sleeps an unborn thought,
Until the darkness from its couch was driven,
And then awoke, and shouted as it caught
The rays from thy resplendent orb in heaven.
And for six thousand years thy steady light
Hath blessed the nations of the teeming earth,
Giving successive seasons, day and night,
And all that's beautiful and lovely, birth—
Man knows this much, and owns at least *thy* power and
worth.

But all thy natural splendors were in vain—
The moral darkness brooding o'er mankind
Called for another sun upon the plane,
To kindle in the firmament of mind.
Judea's hills first caught its morning rays,
And angels stooped from their abodes of bliss
To hail the Harbinger of better days,
The Sun of Righteousness, the Prince of Peace :
'Tis not idolatry for man to worship This.

'Though yon resplendant orb may set in gloom,
And shuddering Nature on her couch recline,
While darkness like a pall enwraps her tomb ;
Still shall this Light in glorious triumph shine.

Already has it broke the mental night
That hung upon the world its withering ban ;
And nations now are rising in their might—
Both king and subject hold whate'er they can—
Each one alike surprised to find himself a man.

Its march is onward, like a rushing tide
That ebbs not though the stream may rise and fall,
Sweeping oppression, tyranny, aside ;
Thrones, sceptres, titles—verbal nothings all—
Shall vanish as the mists at morning's dawn :
Its foes must yield, or, overwhelmed, be hurled
From their high seats ;—from clime to clime, still on,
Its banner shall be over all unfurled,
Until its splendor, like a glory, wraps the world.

T H E A M E R I C A N F L A G .

THE Flag of my country ! how proudly I hail
Its stripes and its stars, as it floats in the gale,
From battlement, tower and mast, o'er a land
As free as the air by which it is fanned !
A terror alike to the tyrant and slave ;
But the standard where rally the good and the brave.

How easy and graceful its tremulous motion,
As it curls to the breeze, like a wave of the ocean,
And spreads its broad folds, like an angel's bright wing,
O'er the freemen who scorned to be ruled by a king !
Though in war's dread commotion it first was unfurled,
Yet its motto is freedom and peace to the world.

The land it floats o'er is a beautiful land :
They who flung it aloft were a glorious band ;
But to guard it from insult, or foeman, think you
There are spirits less daring, or hearts now less true ?
Be assured in the onset, no freeman will lag,
When called to defend the American Flag.

Its country, though young, was a giant at birth ;
It commands and receives the proud homage of earth ;
And defies all the arts of the crowned heads combined,
Who would trample it down, and enslave all mankind :
It laughs at their folly, and scorns their vain toil,
For each true man's a sovereign that treads on its soil.

His Flag is his altar ; each hearth is a throne ;
The cause of his country, he feels as his own ;
And proclaims to all tyrants and pitiful elves,
That intelligent freemen can govern themselves :
Be assured, then, that never a freeman will lag,
When called to protect the American Flag.

UNWELCOME VISITORS.

BEGONE dull CARE, and blighting SORROW,
 Away, this moment, now away !
You never should come till *to-morrow*—
 I've other things to mind to day.

Your very presence is distressing,
 Although you sat not on this brow ;
Your absence is to all a blessing,
 And I'm resolved to have it now.

Defer your claims—there's no good reason
 Why I should spend this day demure ;
Call on me then ; some other season
 Will answer me as well I'm sure.

I know you well, nor have you vainly
 Sought out before my place of rest ;
And now the truth, to tell you plainly,
 You're poor companions at the best.

You've dogged my footsteps many an hour,
And robbed me of some pleasant dreams,
And lest I might forget your power,
You just stepped in again, it seems.

It will not do—I have concluded,
Though friends be gone, and this old purse
Of every penny be denuded,
That you would only make things worse.

You need not call on me, 'tis only
A useless trouble so to do ;
Your absence never makes me lonely,
But if it shall, I'll call on you.

Go seek some sentimental poet,
Whom fate has cheated, fortune spurned ;
I love those, if you did but know it,
Whose habits are more lively turned.

Now as for *care*, 'tis downright folly
To spend one's time with any such ;
And though *your phiz* looks melancholy,
'Tis said you sometimes take too much.

If we may credit madam rumor,
You both from earth ought to be hurl'd,
For putting people out of humor,
And sometimes, too, out of the world.

Care is a coward, always fearful
That if on pleasure's grounds he tread,
Some wily rogue, while he is cheerful,
Will rob him of his daily bread.

Sorrow is lean, and 'tis no wonder
That any mortal so should be,
Who makes such an egregious blunder
As he who lives on sympathy.

Excuse the liberty I've taken ;
I meant no harm, but just to say
My confidence in you is shaken,
So I must bid you both good-day.

Par nobile fratrum !—you may flourish
Where e'er you find congenial soil ;
But in this breast I cannot nourish,
Who would me of my peace despoil.

MUSINGS AT CAPE ISLAND.

'Tis night : I am alone, and as I muse,
I feel my utter nothingness, compared
With these thy works, O God. Above me bends
The starry vault of heaven, in its unknown,
And unapproachable sublimity :
While spread before, the broad Atlantic rolls,
In fadeless grandeur, and eternal youth,
Its mighty mass of waters. Here let me,
In silent meditation, stand awhile,
And watch the surges, in their scornful play,
Curl up their crested heads, and dash their foam,
In very sportiveness, beneath my feet.
I love thee, Ocean. In my breast there dwells
A cord that vibrates to the slightest breath
Of melody ; but how it swells, and thrills,
When thou, with solemn, ceaseless hand dost sweep
Thy mighty diapason, lulling all
With thy harmonious breathings into peace !
I love thee, Ocean : but a little while
Ago, and I was in thine own embrace ;
And thou didst toy with me in wantonness,

And rock me on thy breast ; and then in sport
O'erwhelm me with thy waves, and careless toss
Me like a feather on thy bosom.

Now,

My soul drinks in the grandeur of this scene ;
And, as my vision takes its wide-spread range,
O'er sky, o'er sea, o'er land, I kindling turn
For some congenial ear in which to pour
The gushing thoughts that crowd upon my mind ;
But there is none : and all around is still,
Except the restless spirit of the deep :
With thee I would commune, and listen long,
If thou would'st but unfold thy history :
But thou wilt not reply. Then list to me :
Though thou art full of strength, and I am weak ;
Though thou art vast, and I an atom am ;
Though thou hast seen innumerable hosts
Of men swept from the earth, as thy own waves
Successive roll, and break upon the strand ;—
And I ere long, with all who now have life,
And millions upon millions yet unborn,
Must swell the mighty throng ; while thou, the same,
In strength, in youth and vigor, wilt roll on ;—
Still, shall I not—O blissful hope !—thou sea,
Live on, when thy proud strength shall fail, and cease,
And thy melodious voice is hushed in death !

BIRTH-DAY THOUGHTS.

UPON the pinnacle of life I stand,
Midway between the cradle and the grave ;
And as a sailor views the less'ning strand,
One lingering look on memory's page I crave ;
Which, faithful to its trust, holds up to view
Some scenes I would not, if I could, renew.

Here let me pause a moment, then, and gaze
Upon each passing scene of life again ;
And view results, sought in my youthful days—
So little now—so full of promise then ;
And smile at care and toil that seemed severe ;
For many an act of folly drop a tear.

With careless footsteps, here, I ran along ;
There, loitering by the way in sylvan bower,
I culled a gem or two, and sang a song ;
There, wantonly I crushed a lonely flower—
Now quaffing mad'ning draughts from pleasure's
stream—
Now musing sat in youth's delicious dream.

How like a dream the contemplation seems !

As o'er the past I skip from place to place,
And pause a moment on each spot that gleams

With stronger colors from the picture's face :
But wherefore longer on the picture dwell ?
That it is true to life, I know full well.

For this poor heart is wayward at the best ;

If not the world, itself it doth deceive ;
For, what it longs for, that it may be blest,

If gained, at last, is what it most may grieve :
Still grieve, and fret, and hope, and long, it will,
Until its last sad quiv'ring pulse is still.

The past, alas ! what wisdom has it brought,

But patiently the future to await ?

The lessons by experience sadly taught,

If learned at all, are chiefly learned too late :
The only rule of action I can plan,
Is honestly to do the best I can.

And oh ! what consolation is it here,

As o'er the wrecks of time I sadly range,
To know there is beyond a better sphere—

A blissful Eden that can never change !
Let me, O Father, bear thy chastening hand,
So I at last may reach that happy land.

L A U R E L H I L L.

In this fair Eden of the dead,
I love to while away the hours,
To wander slow, and softly tread,
Among the graves, the trees, and flowers :
See Schuylkill's waves come rippling up,
Like laughing elves, the pebbles o'er,
And gently kiss the buttercup,
In sportive play along the shore.

Here Spring puts on its loveliest smile,
And wild birds sing their sweetest song,
The heart from sorrow to beguile--
Oh, I could linger all day long !
For, all is quiet, sweet, and lone,
With song of bird, and murmuring wave,
To soothe the heart, and make it own
The truth that's whispered from the grave.

Oh ! must I die ? how sad the thought,
While all is loveliness around ;
To fall asleep, and be forgot,
And moulder in the cold, damp ground !
How sternly falls upon the heart,
The voice that answers from the urn ;
It must be so, “ For, dust thou art,
And unto dust shalt thou return ! ”

Well might the heavy heart despair,
If this were all that met the ear ;
But list, the heart may leap, for there
Are other voices whisper here.
Up-springing from the soft green sod,
‘The flowers their icy chains have riven ;
They smile, and say, there is a God--
Call us to life, and point to heaven.

A STORM.

THE morning dawn was beautiful and bright,
The sun in splendor rolled up heaven's steep,
Pouring on earth his rich benignant light,
And nature's face was calm as beauty's sleep.

But what is this that dims the noon-day sun,
And clothes the heavens in black, as 'twere a pall !
See ! vivid streaks of fire shoot forth and run
Athwart the sky, and darting, earthward fall.

Peal after peal upon the startled ear,
Reverberating back from hill to hill,
The thunder rolls ; then less'ning till we hear
No more ; and fearful is the calm, and still.

A breath of air relieves the dread suspense,
And by its spiral motion soon we learn
It is the dreaded whirlwind, and from whence
It breathes its force, surcharged at every turn.

The wheeling clouds in wild commotion pass ;
Like marshalled warriors to the charge repair,
And dash their fury on the sullen mass,
And whirl the fragments through the blackened air.

The lofty oak that stood the tempest shock
For years, is twisted like a wither, and thrown,
Prostrate, upon the earth ; and scarce the rock,
On its firm basis, claims the seat its own.

How feeble then, O man ! your boasted strength !
Where is your dignity, your scornful brow,
Your stately strut with step of measured length ?
I fancy all are unavailing now.

It dies away—and hearts beat free and glad ;
And faces brighten up again---'tis o'er---
And eyes meet eyes again, that late were sad ;
And heaven and earth are quiet as before.

W I S S A H I C C O N .

FAIR Wissahiccon, beauteous stream,
I ever loved thy waters bright ;
But thou more lovely far dost seem
Beneath the moon's pale beams to-night.

For overhanging rocks and wood
Within thy bosom seem to lave ;
And flowers kiss thy cooling flood,
And dally with thy rippling wave.

And richly clothed in robes of green
The hill and dale their charms bestow ;
And winding through this lovely scene,
Thy crystal wavelets murmuring flow.

And in the grove anon are heard,
With startled ear, discordant screams,
From some bereaved or lonely bird,
That woos his mate perchance in dreams.

But there is yet another charm,
Which makes this scene a fairy land ;
For, resting fondly on my arm,
I press Leona's trembling hand.

Be still, thou wild bird in yon grove ;
And thou fair stream that gild'st along,
Come listen to the tones of love,
While now she sings thy bridal song.

"Thou shalt not be, to-night, alone,
For we will wander by thy side,
And watch thy joyous waves leap on
In haste to wed thy Schuylkill bride.

And yonder smiling on her way,
Behold her come in beauty drest ;
While glancing bright the moonbeams play,
Like diamonds on her queenly breast.

Now gliding softly to her arms,
Her pebbly bed thy waters seek ;
And mingling with her radiant charms,
Thy wavelets kiss her virgin cheek.

And thus united they will flow
No more among their hills again ;
But on their course will gently go,
'Till lost within their parent main.

So youth roams through its happy day,
And scarcely stops its scenes to view,
But leaps exulting on its way,
And soon must bid them all adieu.

But we will think of this fair scene,
Whene'er arrayed in beauty bright,
We gaze on yon majestic queen,
That sweetly smiles on us to-night."

T H E P O O R.

Give me neither poverty nor riches.—Prov.

TELL not the poor that poverty knows
A bliss that wealth would never disclose ;
That their sleep is sound, and their bread is sweet,
Because of their toil through cold and heat;
For poverty robs, as well as wealth,
The cheek of its bloom, and the pulse of its health :
They both are evils for man to bear ;
But poverty has the greater share.

The cares of wealth, we will all allow,
Will furrow the cheek, and knit the brow ;
But poverty's cares have a keener smart,
For they do all this, and oppress the heart :
"Tis enough to cause its strings to break,
To think of the shifts which it must make,
The pain and neglect which it must endure :--
"Tis a thankless lot to be honest and poor.

Wealth, though obtained by a thousand wiles,
Still gains for its owner, caresses and smiles ;
And show me the man, either grave or gay,
That will turn from the world's applause away.
But hard to be borne is the poor man's lot ;
Why should his breast have a generous thought,
Or his heart ever thrill with a noble command,
To be withered and crushed with an empty hand !

He must rise with the dawn, and hasten away,
To commence his toil for the live-long day,
In factory, field, the shop, or the mart,
With a steady hand, and a willing heart ;
Have his powers taxed to their fullest stretch,
To gain the end of some craving wretch,
Who values him, as he does every thing,
For what he is worth, and what he will bring.

With the comforts wealth may now obtain,
The winter tempest may beat in vain ;
But how does it tell on the half-clad forms,
Exposed to the chilling winter storms ;
Or crowded together, cheerless and cold,
In a small rude dwelling, open and old,
That rattles and creaks, as the cold winds blow,
And sift through the chinks, the drifting snow.

"Tis pleasant in summer's hottest days,
When the sun pours down his burning rays,
In some cool shade to recline at ease,
While the brow is fanned by the grateful breeze;
But when do the poor find leisure hours,
To loll at their ease in shady bowers ?
They must toil in the heat, with reeking limbs,
Till the heart is faint, and the dull brain swims.

And pain, with its haggard look forlorn,
Of half of its terrors may be shorn,
When wealth, with the comforts which it lends,
Brings the sympathy of troops of friends ;
But the poor, alas ! who pities them,
As they droop, like a plant rudely torn from its stem,
Alone, on their pallet of straw to die,
Unknown to the world as it hurries by !

O ye, who feast till your senses pall,
On the blessings Heaven designs for all,
To be happy, learn, of your hoarded store,
You need much *less*, and the *poor* need *more*.
Ye brood o'er the wealth, oppressed and sad,
That should make *your* hearts, and thousands glad,
And forget that you cannot be happy alone :
"Tis the bliss of others that makes our own.

THE BATTLE OF THE BOOKS.

A STORY OF INDIAN HILL, OHIO.

THOUGH far away my steps have strayed,
From thy green fields, and woodland shade,
In lonely hours of thought, I still
Oft turn to thee, fair Indian Hill.

'Twas there these eyes, that yet are bright,
First caught, with filmy gaze, the light ;
There respiration gently heaved
This breast, that often since hath grieved,
And thrilled, with many a trifling toy,
As oft it did when but a boy ;
'Twas there from that eternal cup,
This stream of life first bubbled up ;
And, as I trace its devious course,
The objects brighten near its source ;

Perchance because the rippling rill,
While leaping down the rock and hill,
Is clearer in its rapid flow,
Than deeper stream that moves more slow.

How vividly before my eyes
The scenes of boyhood now arise !
Around I see the neighboring farms,
And cottages with rustic charms,
Broad fields with ripening plenty bloom,
And spacious barns to give it room.
My own loved home I see again,
Upon the hill-side up the lane ;
And murmuring by, the pebbles o'er,
Still gently flows the Sycamore.

Close by, where cross roads, corner lands,
The Union School-House frowning stands ;
Where many a wight who chanced by fate
To play his tricks, or come too late,
Or have his task but poorly conned,
Has felt the rod with jacket donned,
And sometimes too with jacket dossed,
Lest it might chance to fall too soft ;
Or felt upon his out-stretched palm,
For broken rules there was a balm ;

And though repentant, gave good token,
He wished, at least, *the rule* was broken.

A custom,—whence it took its rise,
I cannot even now surmise,—
Prevailed among the boys at school,
That, if the “master” wished to rule
With his accustomed power and sway,
On Christmas, or on New Year’s day,
He must bring out a handsome “treat,”
And if he failed, he lost his seat,
And found himself from school “barred out,”
By youthful rebels, firm and stout,
Who, though of heroes but the germs,
Were still prepared to make their terms.

It chanced one Christmas holiday,
A “master” failed respect to pay
To this time-honored “common law ;”
Which, if obeyed, he clearly saw
Would much impair his power to rule,
And stop the progress of the school.
So, therefore, he resolved to try
And break it up, or pass it by.
But when, as usual, he appeared,
The rebels from the windows leered,

'Then shouted out with merry din,
" Bring on your treat, we'll let you in."
The " master" paused, and looked about,
Then talked with those that were without,
And bid them all make up their mind,
And take which side they felt inclined.
These matters settled, he began
To open out his future plan.
He sent some to the neighboring wood,
For hickory switches, long and good.;
Others he bid a range still wider,
And some bring apples, some bring cider ;
Some build a fire, whose flames soon rose
To warm their courage and their toes.
The messengers at length returned ;
And soon their breasts with ardor burned,
As now the " master" led his band,
Well armed, each with his whip in hand,
In martial order, up before
'The barred and bolted school-house door.

The tempting " treat" was now displayed,
And greeted with a joyous shout,
While those inside, somewhat dismayed,
Still felt that they must venture out ;

For, surely there they saw the “treat,”
Designed, of course, for all to eat ;
And reasoning thus, unbarred the door—

But lo ! there stood the “master’s” men
In grim array, drawn up before

It, they were glad to close again.

For woe to him who poked his nose
Within the reach of hickory blows,
Prepared to fall both strong and fast,
Before the lines could e’en be passed.

They closed the door, put up the bar ;
And called a council grave of war,
To ascertain what should be done ;
For it was clear this was not fun
Of just exactly their own sort,
Though others seemed to love the sport.
But, must they meekly now surrender ?
No, base the heart that was so tender.

The war determined now to wage ;

With all the force they could command
They grasped and hurled the fluttering page
Of Webster, and his kindred band.

And some who “caught it” sore complained ;
Though they had pondered Webster o’er,
Yet all the knowledge it contained

Ne’er struck them with such force before.

Meantime the siege was carried on ;
Nor was the work offensive done ;
For, scaling now the chimney top,
They placed on boards the smoke to stop,
Which poured out in the room below,
And caused their eyes to overflow.
The fire they must, of course, put out,
Or they were surely put to rout,
And windows raise, to give them breath,
Or they were surely smoked to death.
In this dilemma, one by one,
They deemed it best, to quit and run,
Slip from the windows, trust their heels
To scale the fence, and cross the fields ;
But rarely one escaped the chase,
Without a well contested race,
And many a stripe the rebels caught,
Before they gained the nearest lot.

The day was drawing to a close ;
But few remained, the larger those,
Who, with firm purpose in their eye
Resolved to fight, ere they would fly.
Though doomed to quit the bootless field,
They made no terms, asked none to shield,

But sullenly gave up the fray,
Unbarred the door, and went their way.

Thus, Indian Hill, thy bard hath sung
The famous Battle of the Books ;
When tyranny by bribery wrung
From thy proud sons their manly looks,
And liberty, to all so sweet,
To claim on holidays a treat.
Thus were thy sons, though stout and bold,
Forced to retire, each to his cottage,
And see his honored birthright sold,
By recreants for one mess of pottage.

THE INVITATION.

Come, sister, from your home afar
'To this fair land of ours ;
The sky is clear, as bright the star
That smiles upon the bowers.

Sweet Spring has robed herself and sat
Down in her bloom of bliss ;
Thou'st tasted all the charms of that,
O, come and dwell in this !

For here are hearts that are as warm,
And hands that are as kind,
And hills and vales, as fair in form
As those you leave behind.

Here centuries have softened down
Earth's wild and rugged face,
And art has lent its aid to crown
With beauty and with grace.

How oft, as down the western sky
The sun has sunk from view,
I've gazed on it with pensive eye,
My heart communed with you!

Then, sister, come, and with us dwell—
Those dear to you before ;
And you will love us just as well,
And we will love you more.

Why should those dear on earth e'er part,
To tempt the wild or wave ;
Why should one warm and throbbing heart
Be wrung but by the grave !

T H E E N D O F T H E W O R L D .

THE earth was dry and parched. It had not rained
For many months, and all the fountains failed.
The sun poured down his hot and cheerless rays
With dazzling brightness ; vegetation all
Had withered up and died ; and man and beast
Lay nerveless and exhausted on the ground.
The earth had cracked, and issuing from the seams
There came a scorching steam, with now and then
A fitful flash of flame. The eddying wind
In sudden gusts sighed mournfully, and whirled
The dried and crumbling fragments high in air.
The sky became o'ercast with dense black clouds
That hung as Nature's pall, from which anon
The forked lightnings streamed, succeeded by
The deafening peals of thunder long and loud
Reverberating till earth shook as one
With terror struck.

The boiling ocean heaved
In wild and angry mood its foamy waves,
Engulfing in its scalding brine the fleet,
And dashing far up on its rocky strand
The torn and scattered fragments.

Long pent up,
The fire at length burst forth, and wrapt the earth
In one vast sheet of curling, crackling flame :
Mountains up-heaved, fell crashing back again,
And rent the earth in chasms wide and deep,
Through which the ocean torrents hissing flowed.
The earth, appalled, stood still, and for a time
Refused the laws of motion to obey ;
Till gathering force from her consuming fires,
She reeled, and in her last expiring throe,
Shot from her orbit with the lightning's speed
Far in the trackless void of space profound,
Leaving behind a lurid stream of flame.
The moon, obedient to her laws, pursued,
But soon was left without restraint behind.
And now, without her ancient guide, she stood
Confounded and amazed ; until at length
With gentle oscillations settling down,
She glided smoothly in the earth's old path,
And held her course obedient to the sun.

S T A N Z A S .

"Tis autumn's ripe and solemn reign ;
With melancholy cadence, sweeps
'The mournful breeze along the plain,
Like sorrow's sigh when beauty weeps.
The sunlight falls upon the ground
In mellow lustre, and the trees
Their varied foliage around
Them fling to every wayward breeze.
Soon must Pomona shuddering go
To meet her certain annual doom ;
While winter, with its ice and snow,
Shall hang upon the land in gloom.

Then let us fly from this bleak spot
To sunny climes, whose vernal smile,
In wild luxuriance, harbors naught
But charms that will our hours beguile.

Where softly floating southern gales
Come richly laden, from the vales
And orange groves, with sweet perfume ;
And spring lives on in fadeless bloom.
Where bowers in arching beauty bend
Their cooling shade upon the green ;
And warbling birds and fountains blend
Their music with the lovely scene.

Where e'en the bee his toiling hours
Forgets, and only revelling sips,
And hangs upon the luscious flowers,
Like kisses on love's lingering lips.
Where amorous nature's glowing charms,
Displayed profusely, all may prove,
And, nestling in her rosy arms,
Feel that the world was made for love.
There, folding fondly on my breast
The loveliest form to earth e'er given,
In dreams of love my soul would rest,
And envy scarce the bliss of heaven.

E L I Z A .

ELIZA trips the walks along—
Her step is light and free ;
There's none among the dazzling throng
That's half so fair as she ;
No gaudy trinkets deck her form,
Or lend their witchery,
Or airs affected seek to charm—
Eliza's self you see.

Though fortune smile not on her lot—
Her favors are denied ;
Still, what the “fickle dame” forgot,
Kind nature has supplied :

For she is cheerful as a bird
That wantons on the wing ;
Whose wild and joyous song is heard
Amid the gush of spring.

So innocent and artless too,
So free from care and guile ;
An angel well might pause to view
Her captivating smile.
Cursed be the man who would employ
His subtle art and power,
With no intent but to destroy
So sweet, so fair a flower !

E L L A .

SHE sat, a lonely little child,
And sang a plaintive lullaby,
In tone so gentle, sweet, and mild,
'Twas like the passing zephyr's sigh.

And, folded closely on her breast
That scarce her own frail being warmed,
As mothers do, she fondly pressed
The doll her little hands had formed,

Though rude in form, and illy clad,
It answered for her young heart's shrine ;
'Twas all to her, and all she had,
And prized above the richest mine.

Her little form was full of grace ;
 Her mien, as gentle as a dove ;
The soul that beamed from her sweet face,
 A type of innocence and love.

While gazing on her pensive eye,
 That swam in light so soft and clear,
I thought some cherub from on high
 Had missed its way, and lingered here.

Unlike her mates of tender years,
 She sought no wild and boisterous play ;
And yet it was not childish fears
 That kept her from their mirth away :

Nor pride ; for she had never known
 The luxury of being spoiled ;
Her home no comforts claimed its own,
 But those for which its inmates toiled.

Yes, toiled from dawn to evening's close,
 And oft beside the lamp's dull flame,
Until the hours left for repose
 Failed to restore the weary frame.

Sweet one, is this thy heritage ?
Hath life no other cup for thee ?
I trembled for the coming age
That must unfold her destiny.

To wreck the bark with beauty fraught,
Life hath at every step a snare ;
The wonder is, that it is not,
And not, so much, that thousands are.

Those busy hands are all too full,
Or weary, lessons to impart ;
And how shall she the precepts cull,
To guide her steps and guard her heart ?

One day I missed her from my way,
And asked for her, with trembling breath ;
They showed the couch on which she lay,
All cold and beautiful in death.

I could have wept, while gazing on
That pale young cheek and placid brow ;
But felt 'twas better she was gone,
For *there*, I know, she's happy now.

T H E A L B U M .

How I regret to soil thy page,
Thou emblem of life's tender years,
On which the withering stroke of age
Has neither dropped its frowns nor tears !

But soft impressions, warm and brief,
May now be made, and in thee dwell ;
And time will checker o'er each leaf,
Like age o'er beauty throws its spell.

Then in thy bosom yield a place,
To all that's lovely, good and fair,
But never let the vulgar trace,
Within thy breast, his image there.

TO ::::::::::::

WHY is it that thy form so fair,
Should pass before, in fitful gleams,
My fancy's wakeful hours of care,
As well as those that pass in dreams ?

Why should those eyes, whose gentle light
Seems caught from some fair orb in heaven,
Beam softly on my 'raptured sight,
Like lingering rays at dewy even ?

Why should the pressure of that hand
Send to my heart a glowing thrill,
Whose throbs heed not the stern command,
Which bids its quickened pulse be still ?

Why should those lips, whose tempting bait
Allures me, if it were a sin,
Inviting smile, and seal my fate,
One blissful moment thus to win ?

Why should they not?—I am but man—
An angel well might leave the bliss
In yon fair world, such charms to scan,
And lingering wish to dwell in this.

Then blame me not when thus I take
My harp, and bow at beauty's shrine ;
The cords of feeling all must break,
Or vibrate to a touch like thine.

And harp and heart their tribute pay,
Responsive to love's gushing charms ;
My harp shall yield its tuneful lay ;
While I would fold thee in my arms.

With what delight my breast would swell,
To pillow there thy head to rest ;
Like some fair nymph in ocean shell,
Rocked by the billow's heaving breast.

But, oh ! a thought must break the spell,
Which fondly nestles round the heart ;
That those whose hearts could love so well,
Are coldly doomed to dwell apart.

Though there are vows that sunder here,
They are of earth and must be riven ;
Our spirits in some happier sphere,
May blend in ecstacies of heaven.

T H E S T O L E N H E A R T.

FAIR lady, dost thou know the crime ?
Thou hast stolen my heart away ;
In health, and now just in my prime—
How could you dare to do it, say ?

But one arrangement now I'll make ;
All else that's offered will be vain ;
Give me your own, or else I'll take,
Though it be broken, mine again.

I leave it for you to decide ;
Think ere you do, for who can tell
What chances there are yet untried—
Some other's may do just as well.

THE LOST ONE.

E'en now I feel my senses reeling,
While I think upon that night,
When love-revealing glances stealing
From those eyes so pure and bright.

So soft the gaze—so mildly spoken
Were these words, "Good night," that I
In accents broken, gave love's token
From my lips, my heart, a sigh.

I oft have sought, since that sweet hour,
To find out the place of rest,
And cull this flower from beauty's bower,
And enfold it on my breast.

But since that time, the joy of meeting
Something fatal ever crossed ;
My search repeating, hope still fleeting—
My loved one I fear is lost.

T H E U N K N O W N .

'**T**HOU unknown one, whose radiant charms
 Have thrown around my heart a spell,
Which clasps it, as it were thine arms,
 And bids me its emotions tell,
Forgive me for this rude address,
 Since thou the fair aggressor art ;
For had thy beauty charmed me less,
 It would not then have won my heart.

I oft have marked the witching smile
 That played upon those lips of thine ;
And as I stood entranced the while
 More eyes gazed on thy form than mine.

And when our eyes have met alone,
How one soft glance has stirred the strings
Of my poor heart, and made it own
That beauty's eyes are dangerous things !

- But thou, fair one, with charms so rare,
By nature's hand so richly crowned,
Must guard the treasure, and beware ;
For beauty stands on dangerous ground.
For there are those whose winning wiles
Are ever practised to destroy ;
And while the face is wreathed in smiles,
The heart, alas ! is base alloy.

H O M E .

THE South may boast her teaming soil,
Which richly pays the laborer's toil ;
Her genial air--her early spring,
With all the luxuries they bring ;
But she cannot my heart enchain--
Give me my Northern Home again.

I love its wild, romantic scenes ;
Its craggy rocks, and deep ravines ;
Its cloud-cap'd mountains, and its vales ;
Its cool retreats, and bracing gales ;
Its crystal streams and murmuring rills--
Give me again my Northern Hills.

I love the cottage and the green,
Where hardy sons with rustic mien,
In meek contentment ply the plough,
And bashful maidens milk the cow,
And rosy health breathes wild and free—
My Northern Home, again give me.

There, with my pretty black-eyed maid,
I've wandered in the forest shade,
And danced, ere Luna's beams were gone,
So lightly o'er the dewy lawn.
These scenes from memory ne'er will fade—
Give me my Home and black-eyed maid.

From thee, dear girl, and from my Home,
I ne'er again may wish to roam
Beyond the light of those dark eyes,
Which more than wealth and state I prize,
Give me but these, I'll not complain—
My pretty maid and Home again.

K I T T Y W H I T E .

I'VE seen in many a witching mood,
Some pretty forms, like fairies light,
But all that's lovely I ne'er viewed,
Till I saw thee—sweet Kitty White.

I love to gaze on starry skies,
Or pearly dew drops glancing bright,
But more upon those sparkling eyes,
Of thine, thou charmer—Kitty White.

Upon the waves, 'tis sweet to gaze,
And see the moon beams play, at night,
But sweeter far the smile that plays
Upon the lips of Kitty White.

The rose that's justly Flora's pride,
May well comparison invite,
But where's its beauty when beside
The cheek of lovely Kitty White.

If I perfection wished to draw,
And had the skill to draw it right,
To paint a piece without a flaw,
I'd draw thy portrait, Kitty White.

M U S I C .

To me thy magic charm is ever dear,
Sweet tranquilizer of my inmost soul;
But every cord within responds to hear
'The deep-toned organ's diapason roll.

When in the western sky the sun sinks down,
But lends to thee, to deck the dewy plains,
Thou beauteous queen of night, thy silver crown;
O, music, then how mellow are thy strains !

The slumbering maid would fain the time prolong,
When waked by some soft lute she breathes a sigh,
To think that he who pours his soul in song
'To her so near, is not still nearer by.

Thy light lascivious notes inspire the dance,
Where eyes look love, and hearts beat high with pride,
Encircling all within the giddy trance ;
They turn the waltz, or gallop side by side.

Thy martial spirit leads the warrior on,
In human blood his battle blade to lave ;
And when the fight is done, and life is gone,
Thy notes, subdued, escort him to the grave.

T H E T R U A N T S.

COME hither, truants, you have played
An hour or so upon the lea,
While I have dozed beneath the shade
Of this old patriarchal tree.
I now would know where you have been,
Through what wild pleasures you have run,
What you have done, as well as seen :
Come, tell me truly, one by one.

And Fancy said, "I led the way
O'er hill and dale, surpassing fair,
To that bright realm, which people say
Is full of ' castles in the air.'

And there I built a castle too,
In which I fain would wish to dwell ;
But Truth said it would never do :
And this is all I have to tell."

Then Love said, "I to Lelia's bower
Upon my rosy pinions flew,
And like the bee on dewy flower,
I kissed from her sweet lips the dew,
And nestled on her bosom fair,
That rocked me as it 'rose and fell,'
While thus I fondly sported there :
And this is all I have to tell."

Hope said, "the Present is so stale,
The Future's scenes my thoughts employ ;
So, I just pulled aside the veil
To please my little sister, Joy ;
But when she took a peep inside,
It was so dark it frightened her,
And running off from me, she cried,
The present I would much prefer."

"I climbed," said Fame, "the Laurel tree;
And twisting from its stem a bough,
Wreathed this fair chaplet that you see,
And place it now upon your brow."
And where was Reason all the while,
I charged o'er all his eye to keep?
They whispered softly with a smile,
"The sluggard lay there fast asleep."

W E M E T .

WE met, alone :

I gazed upon thy form—my eye met thine,
And soon my heart was bending at a shrine,
It dare not own.

We met again :

And thine own hand familiarly caressed—
While circling round thy form, close to my breast,
I pressed thee then.

O, words how weak
To tell the bliss, when lip to lip once clings—
When the warm heart but trembles on its strings,
Too full to speak !

It is a spell
I would not break with words, however warm ;
It is too deep for utterance ; its charm
 Let silence tell.

But it is gone ;
A sad, intrusive thought my heart will grieve,—
Let it not thine,—that I so soon must leave
 My gentle one.

And must we part ?
What solace shall I seek, away from thee,
Tell me, thou boasted, vain philosophy
 To soothe the heart.

And this is life !
Its dearest, tenderest ties, so soon are broken,
That we may scarcely treasure up one token,
 From its sad strife.

But I will keep
Thy image near my heart, though far away
From thee, on land or sea, by night, by day,
 Awake, asleep.

A C O N T R A S T.

As the ripe golden fruit, to the blossoms of spring ;
As the blue serene sky, to the storm ;
As the heart that is pure, to the one that doth fling
Its treasures on all alike warm ;
As the sun-light that warms and adorns every thing,
Compared with the down on a butterfly's wing ;
So the mind is, compared with the form.

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

Oh ! who can tell the agony of feeling,
As one by one the trembling heart-strings break,
While conscious, Death the vital spark is stealing,
And soon the eyes must close that ne'er will wake !

O'erwhelmed, oppressed, the dizzy brain is reeling,
The eye's dim vision, fading fast away ;
Alas ! beyond the human skill of healing,
Affection's hand cannot thy pangs allay.

Of no avail the stimulating potion—
The blood receding from the hands and feet,
The heaving chest betrays the last emotion,
And every quivering pulse has ceased to beat.

Adieu ! thy sun of life has set forever ;
No more we'll meet thee on the shores of time ;
To give thee wings, Death came these cords to sever,
That thou might'st soar into a happier clime.

While bending o'er thy corse, tears of affection
The eyes of relatives profusely lave ;
And yielding to God's will in meek dejection,
We give thy body to the silent grave.

What though the tempests heave the mighty ocean,
The winter's chilling snow hangs thick with gloom,
The earthquake startles with its quivering motion,
They break not the deep slumber of the tomb.

To thee 'tis nothing, sleeping tranquil yonder
Among the neighboring dead, who comes to mourn,
Or what lone hour they may choose to wander,
To drop a tear upon the mouldering urn.

The mystic veil that closes o'er thy slumbers,
And hides thee from us here, we may not move ;
The fleeting moments soon will tell our numbers,
And then its dread realities we'll prove.

A S A C R E D G I F T.

BE still : methinks I faintly caught the sound
Of rustling plumes. 'The air is gently stirred,
And bears soft whispers on its balmy breath.
See ! what are these bright things ? 'They seem to pause,
And hover o'er this spot. How beautiful !
How they wave their soft wings and seem to rest
Upon the bosom of the buoyant air !
What could bring such ethereal beings down
From their bright star-gemmed home to this bleak world
Of sorrow, pain, and death !

They now draw near ;
And bending o'er that small and feeble form ;
Unfold, warm from the bosom of its God,
A young immortal spirit, and enshrine
It in this new wrought form of human clay.

'Tis done : and quickly of terrestrial things
They take their leave, and to their own bright home
In yonder sky ascend.

Almighty Power,
May thy best blessings, as the sunlight on
The opening flower, rest upon its head ;
May this immortal spirit thou hast given,
Dwell here in peace, then reascend to heaven.

D A Y - D R E A M S .

My heart is often gloomy, sad, and lone,
And darkening shades come floating o'er my sight,
Like summer's evening mantle gently thrown
O'er day reclining in the arms of night.

And thus in pensive mood I seek the lea,
And yield to Fancy's wild and wayward reign ;
And soon her images are like a sea
Of sun-beams, quivering o'er the distant plain.

But most on rural scenes it loves to dwell ;—
The leafy wood-land cottage, and the plain,
The flower garden, and the fountain's swell,
'The blossomed clover, and the waving grain.

These scenes bring back to memory boyhood's day,
Whose sunny spots have furnished many a theme
For poet's song, but having passed away,
Seem only like the fragments of a dream.

But life itself is but a dreamy maze:
Its happy moments come unsought; and on
Our "air-built castles," while with joy we gaze,
One brush from old Time's wing, and they are gone.

And day by day we plod upon the earth
To learn the lesson o'er and o'er again,
That each gay hour, or tasted sweet gives birth
To some accompanying source of care or pain.

And then how melancholy is the thought,
That life's short span is lessening every day,
And I no line have carved, no offering brought
For memory's shrine, and soon must pass away !

O, Hope ! thou art but a delusive light !
Thy promises to me are seldom met;
Yet give me still thy solace day and night,
Until this lingering sun of mine shall set.

Then may my longing spirit soar on high,
Like a freed bird, upon its wing afar,
To those bright orbs that kindle in the sky ;
Or onward keep and leap from star to star.

THE SAILOR'S SANCTUARY.

FAR on the deep from home and friends,
A sailor seeks a place of prayer;
And to the mast-head he ascends,
And bends his knee to worship there.

Above is spread the broad expanse,
Beneath him rolls the foaming brine;
The winds sweep o'er, the lightnings glance
Around the lonely sailor's shrine.

Oh ! what a place was this to bend
In reverence to th' eternal throne;
And breathe his prayer in words that blend
With ocean's deep and solemn moan.

While others seek to while away
The time so tedious when abroad,
He seeks a holier bliss than they,
In high communion with his God.

What peace there was within that breast!
The elements around might rave,
They brought no terrors o'er his rest,
He trusts in One that's strong to save.

M U S I N G S .

It cannot be that this is all,
To wake to life, to toil and pain,
To live a little while, then fall,
And sink to nothingness again.

For though fame's wreath the brow did clasp,
And beauty charmed the sensual eye,
And earth's rich mines were in the grasp,
They all would fail to satisfy.

There is a longing undefined
For what this world can never give ;
A restless impulse in the mind,
Which haunts this being while we live.

We search the dusty page of lore
With throbbing brain and weary eye ;
The earth, sun, moon, and stars explore,
And learn one truth, that we must die.

And is this all—the chainless mind—
Shall it with this frail mould of clay,
Be in the narrow grave confined,
And with it moulder and decay ?

O, painful thought !—it cannot be ;
There is a home beyond the tomb,
Where soar the blissful spirits free—
An Eden of eternal bloom.

A CHILD'S PRAYER.

ALMIGHTY Father, Holy One !
Who dost for all thy children care ;
I bend before Thy holy throne,
And offer up my feeble prayer.

'Tis evening's calm and peaceful hour ;
Soon care will be by sleep beguiled ;
While on my bed, Almighty Power !
From harm still guard thy erring child.

I thank Thee, now, with grateful heart,
For all the blessings Thou dost send ;
Assist me, Lord, to do my part,
And all my evil ways amend.

Forgive me, Father, O forgive,
The wrongs I've done throughout the day ;
Be Thou my guide while here I live,
Nor let me from thy presence stray !

And when life's pilgrimage is o'er,
Take back the spirit Thou hast given,
To dwell upon that happy shore,
Forever with the bless'd in heaven.

T H E A L T A R.

It is a deeply solemn thing—
The union of two youthful hearts !
Like waters mingling, each doth bring
The feelings which its source imparts :
And thus commingled, down the stream
Of life, the currents gently wend,
In union sweet, if love's pure beam
Shall cause the currents still to blend.

Yet storms will come, and floods will rise ;
But they will pass, and leave at rest
The troubled waves, and lowery skies
Will brighten up, and all be blest.

Perfection is not of this earth ;
Its home is in yon regions far ;
Nor should the hope of it give birth
To aught that here our joys might mar.

Life is not all a pleasing scene ;
It hath its sunshine and its shade ;
But much of both, while here, I ween,
By our own hands alone is made.
What though the storms of life may start,
And threaten us with dark despair ;
If there is sunshine in the heart,
The bow of promise will be there.

T H E R E I S A G O D .

"The fool hath said in his heart there is no God."—PSALMS, 14th, 1st.

Is there no God ? Who can look on the earth,
And view the varied beauty and the bloom
That lingers still, with Eden loveliness,
Upon the mountain top and on the plain,
And say, '*There is no God?*'

Oh ! sad, indeed,
Must be the lot of him who shuts his soul
Within its feeble tenement of clay,
Content to die, and sleep an endless sleep !
Is there no flower, with its radiant hues
And balmy incense, sweet enough to woo
Him from his false repose ? Is there no song
Of melody within the shady grove ?—

No tone persuasive in the murmuring brook ?—
No whisperings in the cool and playful breeze
Which he can understand ? Is there no voice
To startle his dull ear amidst the storm,
When earth beneath the rolling thunder trembles ?
Look on this globe—hung out, as are yon stars,
In the unfathomable depths of space—
With all its mountains, oceans, brooks and plains,
Teeming with life in all its varied forms ;
Is this the work of chance ? Did atom find
Its fellow atom in the rayless void,
And form this world ? Or did Omnipotence
Grasp in His hand the dark chaotic mass,
And mould it in His quickening palm, and give
It laws, and light, and motion ?

Ask the Sea,

Who gave it bounds—do not the waves curl up
Their crests, and, breaking into whitening foam,
Proclaim JEHOVAH ? Stand upon its shore,
And gaze upon its majesty sublime,
And hear the deep-toned music of its voice,
And watch the strong pulsations of its breast,
Forever heaving with the strength of youth,
Unwearied, restless, and untouched by time,

And know that in its bosom, far below,
Are sporting countless forms of joyous life
Within their ocean caves !

Look on the Land,
Strewn with the ever-varying forms of plants,
Unfolding their green leaves and painted flowers,
Exhaling odors of as many scents
As there are different tints upon their blooms.
The Animal Creation also view,
From the huge mammoth to the light gazelle ;
The insect tribes—and birds with painted plumes ;
All guided by an instinct true to life,
And fitted for their own respective spheres.
Who can survey these wonders, and not see
The wisdom and the power of God displayed ?
But still, mysterious as these things may be,
The mystery of mysteries is man.
Behold him as he walks forth in his pride !
How dignified and noble is his mien !
With what an air of self-sufficiency
He walks the earth—and yet how mean a slave !
A slave ! Oh how he spurns the name, yet yields,
Without a struggle, to the tyranny
Of his own passions, appetites, and lusts !
What mighty powers he exerts of mind !

And, careless of the toil, he counts as well
The small vibrations of an insect's wing,
As revolutions of a ponderous world.
Pursues the comet in its wild career
Through trackless fields and boundless depths of space,
And marks the time of its return again,
For centuries to come. The stars, those gems
That glitter in the Almighty Ruler's crown,
He numbers, classifies, and weighs and names.
Plays with the lightning, as a pleasing toy,
And makes the elements subserve his will.
The marble, at his touch, starts into forms
Of grace and beauty ; and the canvass bears
The almost breathing forms of his sublime
Creative skill. His fancy knows no bounds :
It moves upon the mighty deep of mind,
As God's own spirit moved upon the waste
Of lifeless waters. What are these vast powers
Which he exerts, but emanations from
The Eternal Mind ! And yet they are but wrecks
Of former greatness, floating still upon
The stream of human life.

How little does
He know of all the mysteries profound
With which he is surrounded ! Tell us why

The leaf is green, the blossom red or white :
Why does the rose exhale a sweet perfume ?
Where is the spring that gives impulse to life ?
Why do we live at all ? Is the lone grave,
With its still, cold, dreamless repose, enough
For all the toil, the sorrow, and the pain
Endured through life ? Must innocence sink down
Beneath oppression, cruelty, and crime,
And fade away, and die, without redress ?
While daring crime stalks fearlessly abroad,
And revels in its fatness, and exults,
In pompous pride or fiendish malice, o'er
Its fallen victims.

Ah ! there is a God ;
And unto Him at last must man return
From his benighted wanderings from the truth,
And, like a child, ask wisdom at His feet.
'Tis there alone that wisdom can be found,
And there, the mystery of his being, learned.
There may his dull perceptions catch a glimpse
Of what is lost, and what may be regained.
There may he learn the lesson how to live,
And, knowledge worth possessing, how to die.

* THOUGHTS ON DEATH.

"Tis but a little thing to die,
To fall asleep in death,
To close on earth the weary eye,
And loose the faltering breath.

We daily suffer more than this
In anxious thought and pain—
In what we have, and what we miss,
In loss, or want of gain.

"Tis not to part with life, we fear ;
That easily were borne ;
It is from ties we hold more dear,
The heart-strings must be torn.

To leave the prattlers at our knee,
The wife, the friends we love ;
All we are now, or hope to be,
Should life a blessing prove :

'Tis these that make us cling to life,
With all its toil and pain ;
That gird us up to meet the strife—
Renew our strength again.

I cannot bear the thought, to leave
These cherished ones alone
To meet the world, and strive and grieve
As I do, and have done.

Spare us, O father, let us stay,
While these strong ties entwine ;
That I may smooth their rugged way,
And they, in turn, cheer mine !

MONUMENTAL INSCRIPTIONS.

WHAT matter where our dust is laid :—
The funeral pomp and show are vain ;
The proudest monument must fade,
And crumble back to dust again.
The dead must soon forgotten lie ;
The mourners be themselves the mourned ;
And strangers soon will hurry by,
Nor care whose dust is here inurned.

The myriad millions gone before,
Who lived and died and are forgot,
Have left for record little more
Than that they were, and now, are not.

To mark the spot where sleep the dead,
Each spear of grass a tomb-stone springs ;
The very dust on which we tread
May once have been a slave's or king's :

"Tis all the same.—Earth claims her own ;
The form she lent the spirit here,
To draw nutrition from her zone,
Is wanted in another sphere :
Perchance to deck the floral band,
Or give the soil more strength when tilled,
Or be of some use on the land ;—
A task, in life, it scarce fulfilled.

The dead then leave to mother earth,
While living millions ever long
For light to guide their spirits' birth,
To see the right, and shun the wrong.
Oh ! take them gently by the hand,
Love them, and teach their souls to love,
That they may join the blissful band,
Forever in the courts above.

Trust not a stone to bear thy name :
The fame is lost which it imparts :
Who for his dust a tear would claim,
Must write his name on living hearts.
And they will bear it on to fame,—
Its sound shall make their pulses thrill,
When, heeding neither praise nor blame,
Who bore it slumbers cold and still.

L E O N A .

LEONA—the name gives my muse inspiration,
And I yield not reluctantly to its soft spell,
For it comes o'er my soul with its dreamy creation,
And offers in numbers a few thoughts to tell.

As my mind traces over, with swift retrospection,
The years that have passed since we first breathed the
vow,
It dwells with delight on the pleasing reflection,
That discord and strife have ne'er darkened the brow.

'Tis true that adversity's clouds have hung o'er us,
And threatened awhile the dim future to blight;
But they have passed off, still leaving before us,
Our sky quite as clear, and our prospect as bright.

As a traveller wearied ascends some tall mountain,
Scarcely knowing the pathway his feet should pursue,
Finds on its bleak summit a pure gushing fountain,
And a lovelier prospect spread out to his view ;

Or, as the lone sailor, the storm's wild commotion
Has bewildered and driven away from the strand,
Hails the star that will guide him safe over the ocean,
And restore him again to his dear native land ;

So we too have hailed each bright glowing vision,
As it dawned on our eyes, and its fulness revealed ;
And found the view rendered still far more elysian,
By the fears which it brought while it still lay concealed.

The brow by the cares of this world has been clouded,
And the heart in its sadness may have given pain,
But yon sun too has often his brightness all shrouded,
Yet does he not shine forth as brightly again ?

As the eagle, upon his strong pinions reposing,
Eyes awhile the dark storm-cloud that broods o'er his
nest,
Then dashes up through the dark vapor, disclosing
The bright beaming sun shining full on his breast,

So we, (though indeed very much out of fashion,)
Have gazed on the storm that was gathering awhile,
Then rising above it, the dark brow of passion
Has yielded its frown to the calm placid smile.

Though the past has been bright, and the cup we have
tasted
Has had but few bitter draughts quaffed from its cell ;
Yet still we may find that some sweets have been wasted,
Which might have been gathered, and tasted, as well.

M U S I N G S O N L I F E .

Six thousand years have passed away,
Since Time first spread his youthful pinion,
With restless motion to survey
 The wide extent of his dominion.
And he has kept his onward flight,
 And left the mighty wrecks behind,
Of nations, proud of skill and might,
 In dimness and in death enshrined.
As thus the mighty past we scan,
 How short appears the life of man !
Since Eden's bowers were denied,
 What throngs of men have lived and died !
The earth is one vast grave, which groans
 With teeming life 'midst human bones.

In all, the glowing thrill of life,
Brought hope, and joy, and pain, and strife ;
Ambition's lofty kindling flame,
 Intensely burning after glory ;
But, oh ! how few have left a name
 When they were gone, to tell their story.
And gaze now on the varied forms
 Of busy life that press around ;
And know what hope each bosom warms,
 What secret wish waits to be crowned.
And see men labor and contend,
 To gain some trifling selfish end.
Then turn from this degenerate race,
 To yon blue depths of boundless space,
Where suns and systems their vast rounds
Perform within their stated bounds,
And know who guides this mighty plan,
 And feel how small a thing is man :
Who is, as waves upon the ocean,
 Lashed by the storm-king's angry hand,
Tossed to and fro in wild commotion,
 And lost as they upon the strand.
Death sets his signet at each birth,
 In glaring letters on each brow ;
And Time will shortly sweep from earth,
 The throng of life that crowds it now.

I asked the mighty past how long
A lease it gave this living throng ?
From ocean, mountain, grave, and glen,
The answer came, " three score and ten."'
And is this all ? shall man, proud man,
Be narrowed down to this brief span ?
This little round of fleeting years,
O'er which are scattered smiles and tears ?
'Tis even so—and day by day
 The feebler pulse tells off its numbers,
And soon must cease its busy play,
 Locked in death's cold and lonely slumbers.
Yet man toils on as though his lease
 Of life were endless, and his gain
Would bring his troubled bosom peace,
 And shield his trembling form from pain.
Mistaken man ! how vain the toil
 Which seeks to hoard up glittering spoil !
Or seeks to twine around a name,
 The unavailing wreath of fame.
Wealth is but dust, a crown, a toy,
 Which few attain and none enjoy.
All things of earth soon cease to please ;
 What madness then to live for these !
There is a better world than this,
 To those who seek it freely given ;

A home of never-ending bliss,
With all the happy throng in heaven.
Where Time no more will bring his change,
Nor Death his iron sceptre wield,
Where blissful spirits free may range,
Forever o'er creation's field.
To gain that bright and blissful sphere,
Is surely worth the toil while here.
When life's dim lamp shall feebly burn,
And earth shall open wide her urn,
What else but hope can cheer the gloom
Which hangs around the lonely tomb ?
And when this little life shall end,
And dust with kindred dust shall blend,
The good of earth will sink to rest,
And trust their spirits to God's keeping,
As infancy upon the breast
Of its fond mother calmly sleeping.
Then clothed in robes of spotless white,
The spirit freed from this dull clay,
Will plume its wings and take its flight,
As thought now leaps from earth away.

THE SCEPTIC AND THE BELIEVER.

If it were chance that brought us here,
We still would ask, where shall we go ?
What is there more to dread or fear,
Than power that deals a random blow ?
The life we feel we now possess,
Come whence it may, is wondrous strange,
Nor is the marvel any less,
Because no being ruled the change.

If thrown by chance upon the stage,
To dodge the missiles it hath hurled,
An hour, a day, a year, an age,
But forced at last to quit this world,

What marvel, if a life remain,
Though even to such Power we bow ;
What has been once, may be again ;
The wonder is, that we live now.

All that is marvellous here, ends ;
The bound impossible is passed ;
The life we have ; itself transcends
All wonder, it may ever last.
What though we know not how or where
Its future being may unfold ;
The Power that gave, again may spare
The life and room that we now hold.

Thus we the doubting sceptic save,
And by his rule, his life reclaim,
Unless he shun the opening grave,
And leave existence as he came.
But no, 'twas God that placed us here,
The Great, the Good, the Wise, the Just,
Trust Him, and we need never fear,
Though these frail bodies fall to dust.

The cords that lead the lightning's wing,
Worn out, may break, and useless lie,
But it will still its message bring,
And speak in thunders from the sky.
So shall the spirit ever be ;
When these dull cords that bind are riven,
'Twill float up on its pinions free,
To taste the purer bliss of heaven.

T H E S P I R I T ' S W I N G .

My mother Earth, I gaze around,
Upon the beauty of thy face,
And see thee by the seasons crowned,
As if to vie with each in grace,
And feel, thou art a goodly land,
And thy proportions, vast and grand.

With gentle hill, and fertile plain ;
Sweet perfume-breathing southern gale ;
Majestic mountain, rolling main ;
With flowery mead, and blooming vale :
Though sin hath blighted, from thy birth,
Thou still art beautiful, O Earth.

But, gazing on the starry sky,
No more thy charms I may rehearse ;
Thou art, 'mid shining orbs on high,
An atom in the universe ;
Upon creation's map a dot,
That scarce were missed, if it were not.

Leverrier's mighty sweep we leave,
And in the vast expanse behold,
In distance we cannot conceive,
Worlds heaped on worlds their charms unfold,
Whose blended light, in one broad ray,
Streams down, and forms the milky way.

And far beyond the utmost bound
To telescopic vision given,
Float, doubtless, worlds through space profound,
In clustering beauty's boundless heaven ;
Where fancy, touched by mortal sin,
In wildest flight hath never been.

How reels the dizzy brain with thought
Whose amplitude may well o'erwhelm,
As, pressing on, the mind finds naught
But an expanding, boundless realm,
Whose endless depth is the abode
Of its Almighty Ruler, God !

But, contemplations such as these,
Are unfledged pinions of the soul ;
Whose wings, ere long, shall soar with ease—
If faith, and hope, the life control—
To those bright realms of fadeless youth—
The blissful home of love and truth.



L E L I A .

I N T H R E E P A R T S .



L E L I A.

P A R T I.



L E L I A.

Part I.

THE stars are out in heaven ! How the soul
Expands while gazing on their silver light !
I've watched them, looking from their silent home
In quiet loveliness, until I felt
That I could almost break the quivering chain
That holds me to this dull and blighted orb,
And soar away, as fancy on her wing
Now leaves the burning home that gives it birth,
To revel in their unknown mysteries.

Come, let us go abroad to-night, and taste
The soul-entrancing bliss, that seems to steal
Like far-off melodies upon the heart.

The full-orbed moon is kindling in the sky ;
Her rays are dancing on the crested wave,
And sleeping softly on yon sloping hill,
And creeping through the rustling foliage,
Like fairies sporting on the chequered ground.
There are some wrecks of Eden lingering still,
That woo us with their beauty.

In this grove,

That whispers softly to the murmuring stream,
Let us repose awhile. Its sacred haunts
Were once the scene of more than earthly love.
'Twas here fair Lelia gave her virgin heart
To Lelan of the wild and woodland dell.
She was too fair for earth. I see her now,
As when she used to trip across the lawn,
And pluck the wild flowers in her path-way strewn—
Herself the sweetest, loveliest of them all.
The fairest rose would suffer by her cheek ;
And when she lifted up her pensive eyes,
There beamed a beauty from their quiet depths
That stirred the heart to worship. None in whom
There glowed a spark of nature's fire could look
Upon her faultless form, and fail to love.

No wonder, then, than Lelan, in whose breast
The wildest passion for the beautiful
Was nursed from childhood's earliest morn, should love.
He roved adventurous among the hills,
And drank the gushing beauty of the morn,
While seated on some lone and lofty peak ;
And lingered, when the evening hour came on,
To watch the sun, slow sinking in the west,
Where oft he veils himself behind the clouds,
As they were curtains for his night's repose.
His form was manly ; in his eye there slept
A melancholy light ; and on his brow
Reposed the dignity of lofty thought.
His heart was full of gentle sympathies,
And melted at the slightest touch, and poured,
Like mountain springs, its gushing waters on
The barren waste : but when its depths were stirred,
The tide of feeling wildly rushed along,
Like the mad heavings of the ocean surge.

One eve, when nature wore her loveliest smile,
He saw fair Lelia glide into her bower ;
And, lingering near, though unobserved, he heard
The soft strains of her lute, as thus she sung :

" It is sweet to repose in my own pretty bower,
While the stars are all watching above,
But a loneliness steals o'er my heart at this hour ;
For what is this life without love ?

All nature is beautiful now to my eye,
Yet my thoughts from its beauty will rove,
And my heart, in the midst of it all, heaves a sigh ;
For what is this life without love ?

The proud and the noble to heaven have vowed,
At my feet, their pure passion to prove ;
But my heart was untouched by their words as they bowed ;
For what is this life without love ?

The heart that I love must be full of emotion,
Yet as gentle and mild as a dove,
And love as my own, with a depth of devotion ;
For what is this life without love ?"

Scarse had the strains died on his spell-bound ear,
Ere he had clasped her trembling hand, and knelt
Empassioned at her feet. But we must drop
The veil around them here. It is not meet
That we should gaze upon a scene like this ;

When kindred spirits, in the first wild flush,
That rushes like a torrent o'er the soul,
Give up their hearts to pure and holy love.

Doubt as we may, there is a heaven-born love
That comes upon the heart, as much unsought
As its pulsation ; breaking through the forms
And fetters thrown around it by the world ;
And, like the comet, rushes madly on,
Regardless of the placid orbs that shine,
And smile, in their bright spheres, along its path,
To its own home of bliss.

And who shall say
The stars have not their loves, as well as birds !
Or, that the ocean does not palpitate
With joy, when wooed by its fair spouse, the moon !
Or that the blushing flower feels not a thrill
Of rapture, in the morning sun-beam's kiss !

She gave her heart to Lelan ;—no slight boon ;—
And well he prized the gift.

They oft were seen,
In their light skiff, to glide along the stream,

Beneath the overhanging rocks and boughs,
Where not a sound, except the light oar's dip,
The quiet, dreamy hum of stillness broke.
" My gentle one"—he said : and pressed her close,
With tremulous emotion to his breast ;
Gazin upon her fair and tranquil brow,
On which he smoothed the soft and loosened tress
With which the breeze was playing—" dost thou love
This quiet scene ? It is to me so like
A dream of heaven, I almost fear to speak,
Lest I may break the spell : my cup is full
Of bliss : it is enough : I ask no more.
And yet, a sadness comes upon my heart,
To think it cannot last. No, Lelia, no !
It is a dream from which we must awake ;
The world's rude jar will startle us ere long
With its eternal change. But it must come !
A few short years, at best, must close the scene !
It is the stern decree from which there can
Be no appeal. These solid rocks must yield !
The lightning fires shall sear and rend these hills !
This spacious dome shall kindle, rock, and fall !
And Time himself, so long relentless, furl
His worn and jaded pinions, motionless
To sleep forever, on the changeless sea
Of undisturbed duration !

We must then
Look on, beyond this life, for happiness
Unchecked by this foreboding fear of change.
This world allows us but to taste a few
Such hours as this, to lure us on to heaven.
What dost thou think, my Lelia, is it so ?”

She, musing, gazed in silence for awhile,
As if her spirit, from its wanderings,
Was loath to be recalled. Then lifting up
Her lustrous eyes, to which her thoughts had called
The beauty of a trembling tear, replied:
“ Yes, Lelan, it is true ! I know it well !
For, this poor heart has felt, from its young years,
The careless hand of Time upon its strings,
Disturbing strangely all their harmony,
And breaking them asunder, one by one.
A mother,—then a father,—rudely torn
From my young heart ! and I was left, a lone
And fragile thing, upon the wide world’s waste,
To guide my bark upon the unknown sea
Of human life. Nor need I stop to tell
How near to being wrecked it oft hath been ;
It is a common tale. The wonder is
That it was not, and not that thousands are.

Nor need I tell of blighted hopes and joys ;
Of disappointments that have crushed the heart ;
Of pride, deceit, neglect, and all the ills,
And wrongs, that dull the generous soul of youth,
Shut up the heart, and chill the very blood,
And make us doubt that such a thing as truth,
Unselfish act, or deed, is to be found ;
It is the lot of all to suffer thus ;
And fearfully it told upon my heart
Thou knowest full well ; when I could doubt thy truth,
As oft I did ; and listen to thy voice, unmoved ;
And trifle with thy pure and holy love,
As though it were a light and trivial thing.
But when thy gentle spirit, worn and chafed,
Rose up in its proud strength, resolved to break
Its chains, and waited but a single word :—
I could not lose thee, no !—Forgive me, love !—
My heart was thine—I feared not thee—the world.
That, in its everchanging scenes, it would
Allure thee from me, and my heart be left
All lone and broken. But I knew thee not,
As I do now. This world may do its worst—
It cannot last ;—we look for little here.
But love like ours, I'm sure, can never die !
And, oh ! when we shall meet in some bright sphere,
Far circling through the still, blue depths of heaven,

Where every wish, will be a rushing wing,
And every thought, a bright and rustling plume
To bear us to its full fruition ; then,
Surrounded by the beauty and the bloom,
Of more than Eden's primal loveliness,
Will we, in some fair bower, that we will name
The lover's home, be happy in our love,
Forever and forever.

But while here,
We have a duty which we should perform,
If we would hope for happiness above.
The poor and wretched are on every hand ;
The world is full of suffering and sin :
Let us resolve to do what good we can
For frail humanity, that it may lie
As a protecting mantle o'er our own."

She ceased :— and Lelan thus :— “ My heart’s sole
queen !
Thou art a peerless one ! O, that the world
Had more such noble hearts as thine, to warm
Its frigid bosom ! Soon would it revive
From its long night of torpor and of gloom,
As earth, beneath the genial warmth of spring.

Sad as it is, there are some sunny spots
Along our path, that make us cling to life
E'en now. Existence hath, for all, some charm.
It is so sweet, at times, to live, and move,
And breathe the balmy air ; to feel the flush
Of health excite the lithe and active limbs,
While the warm blood goes thrilling through the veins.
But if oppression once were shaken from
Its proud, despotic throne ; injustice hurled
From its accustomed seat ; and avarice,
(Congealed to polar ice,) thawed down and warmed ;
The human mind enlightened and set free
From superstition gross, and error wild ;
And man raised *up* to his true dignity,
Redeemed and happy here, with a sure hope
Of never-ending happiness in heaven ;
Then would life have a charm, that well might bring
The pure and holy ones from other worlds,
As guests to mingle in its pleasing scenes.
Oh ! what a fearful weight is resting on
The rich and proud oppressors of mankind !
It is an easy thing for those who own
Of this world's goods, a full and generous store,
To talk about economy and thrift,
And teach the poor how fortunes may be made,
By persevering toil from day to day,

And saving from their very life their gains.
But, oh ! they little know, much less they feel,
The true condition of the suffering poor;
Whose whole existence is one constant strife
With all the nobler feelings of the soul ;
And day by day but sinks them deeper down
The yawning, rayless, cheerless, changeless gulf !
Why should this bitter curse be left to hang,
Like a dead weight, upon their very life ;
Crushing alike their feelings, sympathies,
And every generous impulse in their breast ;
Searing their conscience, withering, like a blight,
The lingering germ of their humanity ?
Thus doomed and hopeless, their condition is
A libel on their nature. Why should they
Possess a generous impulse in their breast,
But to recoil upon itself and wound ?
The noblest traits of their humanity
Add keenness to their sorrow. What if some
Are demons ! Man, not God, has made them so.
They once were innocent, and might have been,
But for the wrong, oppression, and neglect
Of their own kind, as happy as the best.

Blame not that man, but rather pity him,
Who, overwhelmed beneath the withering blight

Of hopeless, helpless, wretched poverty,
Grasps in his hand the maddening bowl, and steeps
His soul in its oblivious dregs, until
His dull and stupid eye fears not to brook,
Without a sense of shame, the heartless gaze
Of those around him.

Nor too harshly deal,
Without one thought upon the cause of crime,
With him, who, rather than submit to live
A poor and humble drudge, unwisely seeks,
By stealth or fraud, to lift himself above
The chilly sphere of *want*.

Nor yet with him,
Who dares to break the law of God and man,
And bathe his murderous hands in human blood,
Without inquiring what he might have been
Had kindness thrown its toils around his heart,
In earlier years.

But how shall he endure
The shock, who once possessed a happy home,
Surrounded by the comforts of this life ;
And from his little circle sent around
The radiations of his generous heart !

His little ones, as joyous as the birds
That carol forth their happy lays in spring,
Would haste to meet him, at his near approach,
Directed by the quicker eye of her
Who felt no pleasure marred at his return,
And leap upon his knee, and shout with joy,
While she, with matron dignity, looked on
Her stay and hopes, with joy as deep, but calm,
And from her full heart smiled.

Misfortune came,
As if in very envy of their bliss,
And dashed the cup away, which seemed too full ;
And that bright home is desolate.

At first,
The withering sense of reputation lost
O'erwhelmed. Then justice to his fellow man
Knocked loudly at his heart. And then his home,
And those dear ones that looked to him for bread,
Passed in review before his mind, and chilled,
Aye, froze the very life-blood in his veins.
Thrown out upon the world, to meet its rude
And chilling taunts, reproached perhaps by those
Whose hands were always open to receive

The proffered kindness. What must be his strength
Of moral courage to withstand the shock
Unscathed ! Must she whose slender form ne'er knew
The weight of toil, become a patient drudge ;
And those dear ones, so lately full of joy,
So happy in their quiet, peaceful home,
Be sent adrift to meet the rude address
Of pampered insolence or bloated pride,
When they, all trembling, seek for honest toil ?
Is it in human nature to endure
All this, without a mortifying sense
Of degradation ? No, it cannot be ;
The sensitive shrink back from it appalled ;
The stoutest quail beneath its withering touch.
Is there no means by which this demon Fear
May be forced back within his squalid lair,
And man be left unfettered to walk forth
In his true dignity ? Remove this fear
Of poverty, and you remove the cause
Of almost every crime. Here is the field,
Philanthropists, that claims your patient toil ;
The physical condition of mankind
Demands amelioration at your hands.
How can you hope to mend man's moral state
While mind and body both are held in thrall !
First nurse the plant to health, and then engraft.

How often are we told, when we despond,
 To think, how many thousands suffer more !
 Is it a source from whence to draw support
 And consolation, that our fellow man
 Is suffering more than we ? and shall we then,
 Lift up our hands in thanks to God because
 We are more favored at his hands ? Away !
 With such presumption ! tell us not that God,
 Who bids the rain to fall alike on all,
 Is partial. This is man's sad work, alone.
 God knows, there is enough in this wide world
 For all, and yet are there not many men
 Who would reach forth their hands and grasp the whole,
 Aye, grasp and keep it, too, if their own will
 Could do the deed ?

Perchance it was the sin

Of our first parents in their Eden home ;
 For they were happy there, until they sought
 To be more happy still, and thus lost all.
 And how could He who planned and made them so,
 And bid them so remain, but frown upon
 The impious act of disobedience,
 Impeaching thus his wisdom and his power !

I would not have the heart of steel that throbs
In some men's bosoms, for a world of gold.
That man who thanks no Being for his life,
Who breathes the air, drinks of the purling streams,
Fares sumptuously upon the bounteous earth,
Lives for himself, regardless of his kind,
Who gets and holds wealth for itself alone,
And makes it pander to his greedy lust
For more, is, though the world may call him just,
A robber on God's heritage to man,
And will be so regarded, when the light
Shall break effulgent on the human mind,
And man shall feel and know his true estate.
Be mine the task to throw one fagot on
The slumbering embers ; that the world may say,
When I am gone, " 'twas better that he lived."
How lone must be the grave of him for whom
No human being has a sigh or tear !

Here in this wild sequestered spot, away
From all the noise and strife of busy men,
Might we, a little world within ourselves,
Where love alone should rule with gentle sway,
Roam pleasantly among its quiet scenes,
Unnoticed by the world, and spend our lives

Delightfully, and smoothly glide along
Life's waveless stream, until we floated out
Into the ocean of eternity :
But, Lelia, duty points, and I must go :
Though from thy presence it may guide me far,
Thou shalt for ever be my ruling star."

" Yes, go," fair Lelia tremblingly replied :
" Thy noble purpose and resolve, my heart
Commends and mind approves ; but not alone ;
I will go with thee, for I cannot spare
Thee from my heart ; besides, thy spirit needs
My fostering hand ; it is too sensitive
To meet and brook the rudeness of the world.
The bigoted will hold thee in contempt ;
The skeptic's sneer, the proud one's haughty scorn,
Will try thee sore ; and ignorance will look
With its unmeaning eye ; the thoughtless wound
With careless speech ; and dullness will weigh down,
With its stupidity, the heart like lead.
When all around is cold, and dark, and drear ;
Thy spirit, weary with its thankless toil,
Turns sick away, oppressed with doubt and gloom ;
Shall not thy Lelia's bosom pillow then
Thy aching brow, and cheer thee with its truth ?

Deem not that woman has no task assigned
In this great work : but still I freely own
She poorly plays her part: the destiny
Of nations, aye, the world, is in her hands.
Like Him whose spirit moved upon the void,
And moulded young creation, she broods o'er
The chaos of the infant world of mind,
And moulds it surely with her plastic hand.
How great the trust committed to her charge !
What grand, sublime, ineffable results
Are in her keeping ! Yet she little feels,
Or knows, or uses this stupendous power,
Before which kings are nothing, as she ought.
Oh, how does ignorance weigh down the soul
With its incomparable weight of woe !
How much that is endured, need not be borne,
If all could see aright the common bond
Of fellowship that should unite them here ;
And know that none, however rich or great,
Is independent of his fellow man ;
And act upon the plainest principles
Of common sense, that, in the happiness
Of others, each, alone, may find his own !

Yes, I will leave these pleasant hills and vales,
The music of this gentle murmuring stream,

These walks, and lawns, and flowers, and trees, and birds,
That have so oft beguiled my girl hood's hours ;
My cottage home, the dearest spot on earth—
Leave all, and go with thee, that I may share
Thy toils and triumphs ; for my spirit swells
And kindles at the thought of aiding in
A work, so fraught with blessings to our race.”

She looked to see if Lelan's eye approved :
It rested thoughtfully upon the ground :
And musing thus he stood, until a tear
Stole up and dimmed his gaze ; then clasping her
Close to his throbbing breast, in silence wept.
And fearful was the struggle for a time
That swayed distractingly his wavering mind.
There are those moments when the best stand poised,
And hesitate a while which path to choose ;
The rugged one of duty, or, of ease.
At length, with firmness in his tone, he said :

“ It cannot be, my loved and gentle one ;
Thy life is far too precious in my sight,
To peril madly thus. Thou art a pearl
Of too much worth, so recklessly to risk
In far off, rude, and uncongenial climes.

'Tis but a special mission calls me hence—
A year or two, and then I will return
On love's swift wings, with bounding heart, to thee.
'Tis hard to leave the scenes of early youth,
Where I have spent so many happy hours ;
My home, and all the friends I love so well ;
But, oh ! to tear myself away from thee,
Demands a sacrifice almost too great
For this poor heart to make. Yet I submit,
Believing as I do, that He who guides,
With an unerring hand the universe,
Will rule this feeble act to some good end.
And thou, my generous, noble hearted one,
Whose spirit dares so much to serve our race,
Shalt find enough for thy fair hands to do
Around thee here. I leave thee in the midst
Of ignorance, so wilful and perverse,
So steeped in selfishness, conceit, and pride,
That sooner would I take the darkest mind
That ever groped amid its pagan gods,
And hope to ope its portals to the light
Of reason and of truth, by far, than it.
Almost a hopeless task ! But there is still
An ample field in which thy heart may find
Full scope for all its generous sympathies."

And thus they talked. And Lelan lingered long.
While Lelia, loath to let him go so soon,
Although she struggled to conceal the gloom
That gathered, like a dreary winter cloud,
Around her heart, looked sad, and yet she smiled :
But 'twas the smile of sorrow, not of joy.
As fell disease sends up the flush of health
In mockery upon the cheek, it came
Deep laden from the troubled heart, and played
In melancholy beauty on her lip.
She almost felt that she could win him back
From his high purpose. And an easy task
It would have been. Their *minds* were right; their *hearts*
They dare not trust.

Oh ! blame them not, but say,
Would you have done as well ? Have sacrificed
So much of ease, of love, of bliss, to serve
Disinterestedly your fellow man ?
The mass of mankind, in this selfish world,
Do not act thus. 'The *heart*, and not the *head*,
Rules nearly all the acts of men—impulse—
Not reason. This is wrong. 'The mind should rule.
The heart's the source of error, not the mind.

The time at length arrived that must decide
Which power controlled their pure and generous souls.
It came too soon. How swift the flight of time
When lovers would restrain its rushing wings !
But, conscious of the duties it enjoined,
They met it firmly, though with sinking hearts.
In trembling accents Lelan broke the spell
That sealed their lips, and thus, his last farewell :

“ Thou art, indeed, with me to-night ;
Thy warm cheek rests upon my own ;
But ere to-morrow’s kindling light,
Shall veil his beauty from my sight,
My heart will be how lone !

In yon frail bark, borne from the west,
My throbbing head I must recline,
Far on the ocean’s stormy breast,
Rocked by its heaving waves to rest,
As thou art now, on mine.

My eye will miss my gentle one,
And try to catch a glimpse, in vain,
Of this fair land whence I have gone,
But find nought else to rest upon,
Except the sky and main.

And I will lean my head and seek
To hear thy soft familiar tone,
Borne on the breeze, some message speak,
But hear instead the wild winds shriek,
And ocean's hollow moan.

But though I leave my land behind,
And from my dearest treasure part,
'Tis sweet to know my active mind
Can look within my breast and find
Thy image on my heart.

When far away from home and thee,
In other lands, or on the wave ;
Wilt thou bestow a thought on me,
And ask while on thy bended knee,
That He may bless and save ?

I feel thy arm more closely twined ;—
I doubted not thy love and truth ;—
An idle thought, thrown to the wind,
That in my breast no place could find—
A mere impulse of youth.

Dry up these tears that fall so fast,
 Dispel these dark foreboding fears,
A gloom upon my heart 'twould cast,
 To think that when I saw thee last,
 Thine eyes were wet with tears.

Our duty here we must fulfil,
 As far as to us may be given ;
Though now we part for good or ill,
 We'll meet again, I'm sure we will,
 If not on earth, in heaven.

If here again, our hearts will leap
 With joy our lips cannot declare ;
But, oh ! to meet where angels keep
 Their vigils o'er no eyes that weep ;
 It will be rapture there.

To mountain slope and wild-wood shade,
 And gentle stream, and lonely dell,
To mead and vale, where I have strayed,
 And with light heart, in youth have played,
 I now must bid farewell.

And thou who art my life and light ;
My polar star, forever true ;
My sun, without whose beams 'twere night ;
My own, my beautiful and bright ;
My fondly loved ; adieu !

When evening stills the rude world's jar,
And cloudless smile yon fields of blue ;
Thy spirit wing to yon bright star,
And mine will meet it from afar,
And each fond pledge renew.

And thus, upon its placid face—
As lovers love to meet unseen—
Our souls, o'erleaping time and space,
Will mingle still in fond embrace,
Though oceans roll between.

I leave thee now, but ere I go,
Be this,—our constancy to prove,—
A thrilling seal, that we well know
None else can trace, or e'er bestow,—
A holy pledge of love.

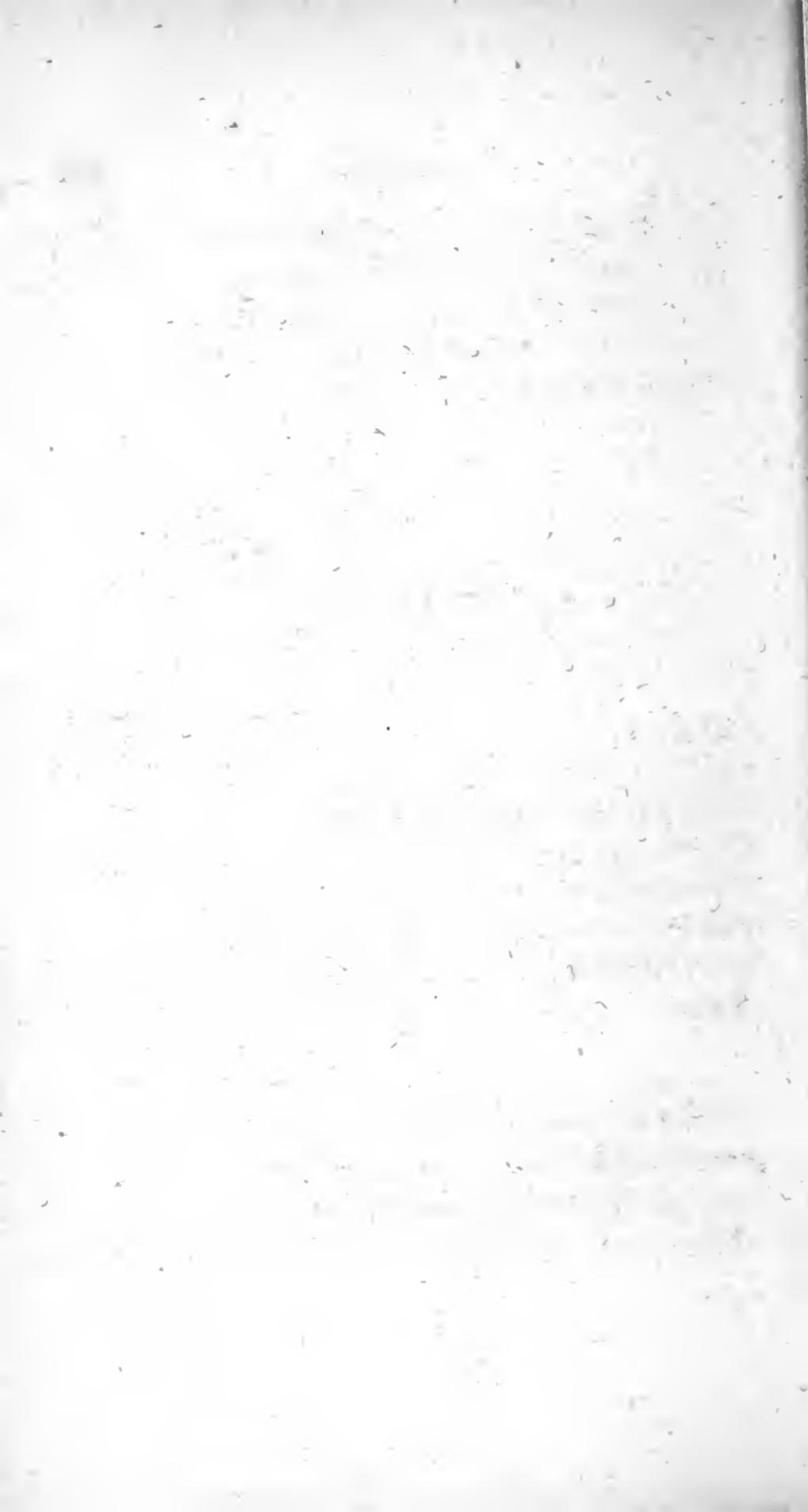
Farewell—may blessings, like the dew
That falls upon the grateful flower,
Rest on thee, and thy strength renew,
And angels guard thy footsteps too
From harm, each passing hour!"

A moment more, in silence, they remained ;—
But eyes can speak more eloquent by far
Than any human tongue ; and theirs discoursed
Of tenderest emotions, hope, and love,
Until, with hands they waved the heart's farewell.

How much of life is crowded in a few
Brief moments here, of joy, of wo ; the rest,
Is blank monotony, sustained by hope ;—
Endurance, by anticipation fed ;
While silently, though sure, Time does its work,
And Death, in mercy comes, to close the scene !

L E L I A.

P A R T II.



L E L I A .

Part II.

'TWAS Autumn. O'er the earth its spirit hung
Upon its brooding wings ; and, as it moved
Apace, the forest caught the rainbow tints
Thrown o'er it by the lustre of its plumes.
The sky was tinged with a soft mellow haze
That seemed to float upon the dreamy air,
Like pleasing visions circling round the couch
Of pensive beauty ere it drops to sleep.

The winter hath its revels, but to me
They seem like festivals around the dead.
Spring gushes forth in freshness on the earth,
And kindles up the fading fires of hope ;

And, passing dull indeed must be that one
Whose heart does not dilate amid its youth,
Its bloom and beauty. Yet, the stricken heart
Will tremble still for all its promises.

And summer comes all flushed with unclaimed wealth
Upon its teeming bosom, lavishing
Its charms in drunken wantonness, until,
With sated senses sickened, we withdraw
From its hot breath, and brilliant flashing eye.
But Autumn,—oh, America, thine own,
Unrivalled in its beauty!—softly smiles,
Unclasps her generous hand, and kindly pours,
With solemn admonitions, all her stores
Upon her needy children.

Come with me

Again to Lelia's bower: for, I do love,
Beneath the autumn's dusky sky to rove,
Far in the silent woods, and watch the leaves
Drop off, and circle slowly to the ground,
And stir them, lying loosely round my feet.
I, too, as one of these, ere long must fall,
And mingle, undistinguished, dust with dust.
It is a time and place for solemn thought.
And hither Lelia came to muse awhile,

Amid the stillness of the quiet grove,
But more, perchance, upon familiar scenes
To gaze, endeared by many a happy hour
Long since gone by, but treasured in the shrine
Of fadeless memory.

Her cheek was pale,
Yet lovely as the autumn's fading hues,
And other traces than those made by time
Were on her brow. But what the eye loved less,
The heart loved more. Though there was less of earth,
There was much more of heaven. He who loved
Before, would now adore, and almost feel
That he was gazing on some angel form
Just from, or now about to leave for heaven.

Long years, (for time moves slow to them that wait,)
Had passed since here she gave her youthful heart,
With all its wealth of warm affections fresh,
To one whose faithfulness she could not doubt.
And here she had been happy in his love ;
As oft, in summer-time, they wandered forth
Alone, watched only by the matron moon,
Or birds, as busy in their loves, as they.

And now she stood again amid these scenes ;
 But where was he ? A withering, scathing thought
 Came up and lingered for a moment on
 Her troubled brow. Oh ! what can wring the heart
 Of faithful, trusting woman, like the thought
 That she has been abandoned and deceived ?
 Oppressed and sad, her heart gave way, and found
 Relief in tears. Then, underneath an oak
 That spread its branches like a father's arms
 Above his weeping child, she knelt and prayed :

“ Almighty Ruler of the universe !
 Here, in thy silent temple, I would bow,
 And offer up my feeble need of praise
 And adoration.

Thou art good and great !
 Eternal, self-existent ! Thou dost dwell
 The same, throughout all space, forever in
 Thine own seclusion ; moving systems, worlds,
 And atoms, in harmonious order through
 Thy boundless realm ; sustaining by thy will,
 And power creative, all things, in their sure,
 Mysterious, ceaseless change.

To thee belongs
The homage of mankind. Thou hast revealed
To us our duty and our destiny ;
And sent thy Son to us that he might be
The Saviour and the Sovereign of the world.
And through him we are taught to pray to thee,
Our Father and our God ; that thou art near,
And ever willing to incline thine ear
To the sincere petitions of thy poor,
Oppressed, and erring children ; that thou dost
Regard and grant them, in thy providence,
When for our good.

We know that we must die ;
That life, at best, is short, and soon must end ;
That every tie on earth, however dear,
Must yield to thy omnipotent decree ;
And yet, when thou, in mercy, one by one,
Dost take away our idols from us here,
To wean us gently from this fleeting world,
Oh ! how we tax thy goodness with our woes,
And struggle to retain them.

This poor heart
Is sad and lonely now ; bereft of all—
The first, the last, the only link that binds

Its fluttering pinion to this blighted sphere—
It comes, in all its weakness, to thy throne,
To ask forgiveness for its many sins,
And strength to bear with fortitude thy will,
And give up freely all its hold on earth,
That it may find relief, and rest in peace,
Cheered by the hope of happiness in heaven.
Already has the seed of death been sown ;
I feel it stealing through this languid frame ;
And soon, all still and cold, it must repose
In the lone grave ; but, oh ! if I might see
Once more that absent one, or even know
That he is well, and happy in the hope
Of rest eternal in the spirit land ;
I feel that I could die without regret.
I know that with thy blessing we are safe ;
Grant that, O, Father ! not to us alone,
But to thy children, everywhere, I pray,
And ask, through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen !”

Vain skeptic ! say, is there no solace found
By those who put their trust in Him, and call
Upon His name ? If thou hadst seen that face,
All pale, and wrung with anguish, lifted up ;
And then, in its angelic beauty, calm

And placid, as she rose and quit the scene ;
 Thou wouldest have felt that this was holy ground,
 And that the presence of the Mighty One
 Was brooding o'er that sad and sorrowing heart,
 And stilling its emotion.

Go, contend

With the fierce whirlwind's wrath ; the ocean surge ;
 The lightning leaping from the lurid cloud ;
 Marshal your serried hosts upon the plain,
 And rush impetuous on your stubborn foe ;
 And breast to breast with glittering steel opposed,
 Close in the deadly conflict, dealing death
 And carnage all around ; and let your shout
 Of triumph ring above the clashing steel,
 And the deep wail of hosts of dying men ;
 Place on your brow the victor's wreath of fame,
 Inwoven with the sighs of widowed hearts,
 And set with orphan's tears for glancing gems ;
 And, " He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh,
 And have you in derision ;" but the soft
 Vibrations of a whispered prayer will touch
 His heart, and move its mighty energies.

Ah ! Lelia, hadst thou known the reason why
 That loved and absent one did not return

In his appointed time, far other thoughts
Than those that gave thee pain would have disturbed
Thy gentle bosom.

Gallantly his bark,
With all her canvass to the breeze unfurled,
Was bounding o'er the main. And Lelan felt
His heart beat quicker as the breeze grew strong ;
And kindling with his hopes and fears, he sung :

“ Now, noble bark, upon the deep,
Thy trackless path pursue,
And o'er the curling billows leap,
With steady helm and true.

As men woo Fortune for her smile,
Court thou the fickle gale,
And leave this dark benighted isle,
Our own fair land to hail.

I love the speed the strong wind brings,
Nor care how fast I go ;
The bird that soars on swiftest wings,
Would bear me on too slow.

For, this full heart, long taught to bow
To mandates of the soul,
Is fluttering in my bosom now,
And will not brook control.

I'm on the sea, I'm on the sea !—
My pulse is throbbing wild ;
And I could dance and shout with glee,
Like some untutored child.

Speed on—for there is o'er the main,
Where sinks the setting sun,
A form, these arms would clasp again,—
A dear and lovely one.

Oh ! Lelia, art thou still the same,
As when I saw thee last ?
Thy smile of love let me still claim ;
"Twill amply pay the past.

How have I borne to be away
From thee I love so well !
How shall I yet bear the delay !
Alas, this heart can tell !

Ye winds be fair ! thou sky serene !
 Proud bark thy course is free !
 On ocean's breast thou sitt'st a queen :
 Be true, be true, thou sea !”

Who has not felt enkindled in his breast
 A thrill of fear, of joy, when long away,
 He turns, at last, his footsteps towards the home
 Of his affections, and of those he loves !
 But Lelan had forgot the elements
 Are far more faithful than his fellow man.

The lawless pirate, ranging o'er the deep,
 Had marked that noble ship, and now came down
 Upon her, as the vulture swoops its prey.
 A fierce and savage band, upon her deck
 They stand, impatient for their work of death,
 While Lelan thus addressed the brigand chief,
 Whose lofty bearing told that he was none
 Of nature's careless work :

“ Thou art a fine
 And manly looking fellow ; no doubt brave,
 In desperate deeds of daring, as the world,

By its false standard, terms it; worthy of
 A better calling ! Ah ! sneer not because
 Thy daring spirit met no contest here ;
 Nor deem that thou hast got a cringing slave
 Thy prisoner. This heart as calmly beats,
 As ever did thine own, and does defy
 Thy worst, if thou wilt give a trusty blade
 To this right arm, and meet me hand to hand.”

The brigand, eying him a space, replied :
 “ Your speech is bold, young man ! As you well know,
 Our custom is, to make short work with those
 That might tell tales ; and as your doom is sealed,
 For want of more exciting sport, I grant
 Your modest boon. Take thou this blade, prepare,
 And we will try thy vaunted strength and skill.”
 Then, turning to his men, he bid them stand ;
 Drew forth, and closed with Lelan in the strife.
 Awhile, in easy play, they seemed engaged ;
 But, gathering as the storm, the struggle grew
 More fierce and hot with each successive pass
 That harmless fell upon the ringing steel.
 ’Twas soon apparent to the brigand chief,
 No feeble arm opposed his utmost skill ;

And vexed at being foiled, he dealt his blows
In furious passes at his skilful foe,
Who, cool and calm, with sure precision turned
Each deadly thrust aside, until he gained
Advantage of his flagging arm, and struck
The weapon from his hand; then, casting down
His own, he stood, alike unarmed, before the chief,
Who thus addressed him :

“ Dost thou give me life !
Know, then, a brigand shall not be out-done ;
Thy life is safe. But I would know by what
Strange principle, such coolness, strength, and skill,
Were not employed to save this stately ship.”

“ Know, then, that I am one who deems the life
Of my own brother man, to be by far
More sacred than the richest mines of gold.
Had we contended, blood must have been shed ;
And thou, with all thy band, art ill prepared
To clost thy last account.

But tell me, why
Dost thou pursue this wretched course of life,
Which soon must end, to satisfy the law ;

By violence from these ; or, far away
From thy once happy home, on some wild shore,
Unsoothed by mother, wife, or friend. Thy name
A blot upon the teeming page of man's
Foul history ? 'Thy mien speaks better things.'

A quivering muscle moved the brigand's lip ;
And, drawing Lelan from his men, aside,
Replied :

" This mode of life I do despise.
Few men commit, because they love it, crime.
'Tis forced upon them by the world. Endowed
By nature with a higher, keener sense,
Than beasts of burden, can they live as such,
Content to bow obedient to some ass
Whose weak and stupid intellect is roused
To vent its spleen and humor by the pain
Of being over-fed ?

A mother once
I had, but she is dead. When but a boy,
She pressed my downy cheek upon her own,

All pale and drooping, as a withered flower
In early spring, and said, ‘ My son, I soon
Must leave thee to the cold and ruthless world.
Thy father, fighting for his country, died.
And I have struggled hard to save from want
Thy infant years. I can no more. This heart
Is sinking in the flood, these eyes would weep
Were they not sealed. My brother, when I’m gone,
May yet protect my child. Go, be a man !’
Then gave her blessing, all she had to give,
And died.

Turned from my kinsman’s door away,
I set out honestly to gain my bread ;
But, cheated, swindled, robbed, oppressed, I swore
By her who nursed my homeless infant boy,
To wring that justice from the human race
Which it denied me, by this single arm,
Or perish, as I seemed, at best, but doomed.
The deeds which I have done, I grant, were dark :
And oft they gave my heart a thrilling pang ;
But, must I crouch, or others crouch to me ?
Beg, fawningly, and play the sycophant,
While every nerve in my whole frame rebels,
Or beggar others, who can feel no more ?

These are the precepts taught me by the world ;
And they are questions, answered by the first
Law of our nature. If the heart must feel,
The head, at least, may choose the kind of pain.
For bread, or menial toil, to save their life,
Let others trembling crave the pampered hand
Which fate, by some wild freak, has filled with gold,
The manner, would not bear the telling oft ;
I choose, you see, to satisfy my wants
Another way, and feel, when nature prompts,
As oft it does, the higher, nobler trait
Of pity for my victims. But I fain
Cou'd wish it were not so. Still, I must take
The world on its own terms ; I neither made
Myself nor it."

And Lelan thus replied :

"Thou art not far from truth, my friend. The world
Is bad enough ; but thou wouldest make it worse—
Not better. Here the error lies. It is
Our habitation ; we, as tenants here
A little while in common, ought to make
It comfortable or abide the storm.
'Tis not for weak and finite minds to look
Into the plans and purposes of God

Beyond what he reveals. He made all things,
And who shall say He did not do it well !

He rules all things, and who shall dare to say
His laws and special edicts are not good !

If *well*, and *good*, whence cometh evil then ?

Abstractly, no such principle exists.

Evil consists in misapplying good.

All things are good, for God pronounced them so.

In their bad use alone the evil lies.

Man has the power to use for good or ill :

It *was* the test of his obedience,

And is so still. That he may use it well,

Who will deny ? That he has used it ill,

Alas ! poor human nature knows and feels !

Without it, man would be a simple clod.

Why he was made at all, ask thou of God !

Thus, physically, man became impaired.
And here we find ourselves, composed of mind
And matter—soul and body ;—one produced
By procreation, while the other comes
From God, and is immortal. His best gift
To man. The soul, that nice adjusted thing ;
With all its harmony of balanced powers ;

The skilful work of the Eternal Mind ;
Must manifest itself as best it can
Through its imperfect organs.

Hence, the vast
Variety of character displayed ;
Which, in its strongest, highest, noblest range,
Still leaves unsatisfied the longing soul.
And, like a prisoner-bird, that fain would soar,
But folds its drooping wings upon its breast,
Or madly chafes them on its prison-bars,
The soul looks from its prison-house of clay,
Through every loop undarkened by despair,
Or in mad efforts racks its feeble frame.
“ The spirit’s willing but the flesh is weak.”
Where is the strength that fain would be put forth
By the disease-attenuated frame !
The speech, to kindle on the tongue that’s dumb !
The melody, to charm the ear that’s deaf !
The beauty, flashing round the eye that’s blind !
The free, the wide, the mighty scope of thought,
Of reason, when the brain is weak and dull !
Alas ! who does not feel this ponderous truth :
“ The spirit’s willing but the flesh is weak.”
Who shall set limits to the daring soul !
Give it an organism unimpaired,

And thou shalt see a man, transcendently
Above all that the world e'er saw, save One.
Alas, that human nature should have fallen
From such a height, to such a dark abyss
Of wretchedness and woe !

But as it fell,
So may it be restored. Abundant means
Are all around us, if we use them well.
It is the body, not the soul, that claims
Our philanthropic aid in its behalf :
The physical condition of mankind
Must be improved. 'Tis through this means alone
The moral can be permanently reached.
Those who teach otherwise than this, teach wrong.
It is a ruse of tyranny to point
The suffering millions to a better world
That they may be content to bear the ills
And wrongs which it inflicts upon them here.
Each one a man—what more the sceptred wretch
Who crushes them beneath his iron rule ?
It is a duty which we owe to God,
Ourselves, society, our fellow man,
To elevate the standard of our race ;

Unfold, enlarge, exa't, and dignify
 These sacred "temples of the living God."
 We must go to the squalid haunts of woe,
 Of poverty, of ignorance, of crime ;
 Lift up the wretched inmates to the light,
 And let them breathe the genial breath of heaven ;
 Teach them to think, to feel, to act like men ;
 Give them an interest in society,
 And thus enlist their feeling on the side
 Of 'law and order,' justice, truth, and love.
 They are our brothers ! shall we let them starve,
 And heap their dying curses on our heads ?
 Or live to forage in a thousand forms
 Upon the avarice and selfishness
 Of those who grind and crush them to the dust ?
 It is no fault of theirs that they were born ;
 Whose is it, that the portals of the soul
 Have never been unclosed ?

It is in vain

For men to shut their eyes, as well as hearts,
 And say, 'I've naught at all to do with this :'
 Vain boast ! short-sighted mortals that we are !
 Who pays for prison, alms-house, jail, and court ;
 Who double locks, and bolts, and bars his door ;

Who fears the dread incendiary's torch ;
The assassin's knife ; the daring robber bold ;
The roving pirate's fierce and savage band ;
Contagion, steaming from these putrid dens,
Engendered there, to float upon the winds,
And sow the earth with foul disease, entailed,
With all its horrors, on the human race.
These evils are among us ; who escapes
Them ! Why should they remain, since every one
Would be the gainer if they were removed !
And to remove them is an easy task,
If men would do their duty to themselves,
Society, posterity, and God.
Let bigots prate about their creeds and forms,
And rest upon observance and belief ;
Fanatics rant and talk of saving souls,
For which good service rendered the Most High
They surely will expect of Him reward,
At least, of extra privilege in heaven ;
And priests for money intercede with God
To mitigate the punishment, though just,
Of some 'scape-goat' who died before his time ;
They might be worse employed, better no doubt.
I take it that our duties here are far
More practical, though not at all less fraught
With consequence momentous to our race.

It will not do to sit in lordly state
And deal out ethics to the destitute.
The laws of being are imperative,
And must one way or other be obeyed.
'Tis not enough to say, "Depart in peace ;
Be warmed and filled ;" more must be done than this
If we would make man what he ought to be ;
We must come down from visionary schemes
To 'stubborn facts,' and take him as he is,
Improve his organism, and direct
His energies to higher, nobler ends.
Teach him, the more the better, self respect,
And then to "love his neighbor as himself."
The body is depraved and far below
The soul's capacity.—The instrument
Has lost its tone, and now sends forth the jar
Of discord where there should be harmony ;
Its cords are swept by rude and careless hands,
Until they cease to vibrate to the touch,
Or, quivering, break, and leave a lonely wreck
To perish by the way.

The rich, o'erfed,
Are indolent, tyrannical, and vain ;
The poor, o'erworked, ill fed, and comfortless,

Are menial slaves, or reckless vagabonds.
Thus, with the elements, if well applied,
In rich profusion graciously bestowed,
To make it soon in vernal beauty bloom,
Poor human nature lies untilled, untrained,
A wilderness untamed, a barren waste :
Where thorns and thistles spring, and choke the growth
Of all that's useful, beautiful, and good ;
Where gems of rarest worth lie trodden down,
Unsought, unknown, by rudest vandal feet.

I call on you, on every man who has
A spark of love remaining for his kind,
To concentrate your efforts on this point,
The physical improvement of our race.
This is the point from which reform must start.
You might as well attempt to teach the babe
Theology, that it might learn to walk,
As man, that he might better learn to live ;
In both, the physical ability
Is wanting, and must be the first supplied.
The noblest exhibitions of the soul
Are always found where man is least opprest !
America ! my own free happy land !

I turn to thee with love and pride ; and hail
 Thee as the home of Freedom ! where she sits
 Enthroned ! and from her mountain turrets, waves
 Exultingly her banner to the world,
 Whi'e rival oceans kneel and kiss her feet !
 She stretches forth her arms to the opprest
 Of every land, and but too fondly holds
 Them to her generous bosom.

Though there are
 Some spots remaining on her youthful robe,—
 The lingering stains of royalty, as well
 As barbarism, whence she late emerged,—
 Still, shall she not remove them one by one,
 Until she stands so gloriously arrayed
 That all the nations of the earth shall bow
 To her mild sceptre ? Yes, her destiny
 Is onward, while her noble sons prove true ;
 And as her flag o'er happy millions floats,
 Star after star shall nestle in its folds.”

Borne far away from his beloved land,
 Perhaps to some lone island in the main,
 The home of these uncouth and lawless men,
 It took no feeble effort to control

The gathering gloom of disappointed hope
That lowered, like a cloud, upon his brow.
Regardless of the oath, the jest, the laugh,
The quarrel fierce, or bacchanalian shout,
He paced the deck in meditation lost,
Or leaning o'er the vessel's side, he gazed
With vacant stare upon the curling waves,
While all his swift-winged thoughts were far away.

A light hand laid upon his arm, recalled
His wandering thoughts. The brigand chief stood there,
And whispered in his ear a few brief words,
Of dangers that beset him from the crew ;
Then pointing to a little boat, he said :
“ Leap quick for life, 'tis all that I can do ;
And He whom thou dost trust will safely guide
Thee o'er the wave.”

The wind was light, but soon
It bore his fragile bark beyond the reach
Of them that sought his life.

And thus alone,
Mid-ocean, drifting with the wayward winds,
That soon might wake from their repose, and rush
Like shrieking fiends upon the fretful waves,
He felt in all its overwhelming force
The utter impotence of him who trusts
In his own strength.

But all around was calm.
The ocean lay outspread, as though it slept,
And rocked him gently on its swelling breast,
And sang, as mothers to their slumbering babes,
In softer tones its mournful melody.
The sky, a spangled curtain, hung around ;
And from its eastern verge the full orbed moon,
Night's gorgeous taper, floated up, and smiled
To see her beams hold such a merry dance
Upon the restless wave.

It was a scene,
So full of beauty, yet so strange, so lone,
So like the fragment of some feverish dream,
Some wild romance that flitted through his brain,
That even he let go the helm of thought,

And for awhile its wild illusions chased.
At length aroused, he said :

“ This is no dream,
But stern reality. And I will meet
It as becomes a man.—A simile
Of life ! We float off on an unknown sea,
Impelled by currents we can neither stem
Nor stay. If wrecked it was misfortune’s fault,
Or chance, or luck, or doom, or fate ; if safe,
It was our strength and skill that bore us through ;
But where the wisdom, strength, and skill, that weighs
A feather now ! What folly is it here,
Or anywhere, for feeble man to trust
In his own powers !

But, oh ! there is a trust
That will not fail ; a faith that makes us strong.
And even here, in this, the very home
Of solitude, far, far from human aid,
And drifting with the changeful wind and tide,
Upon the deep, that soon my lifeless form
May hold, close lapped and slowly settling down,
With naught to mark the spot of its repose,
Save the few bubbles of expiring breath
That form and float a moment o’er my head,

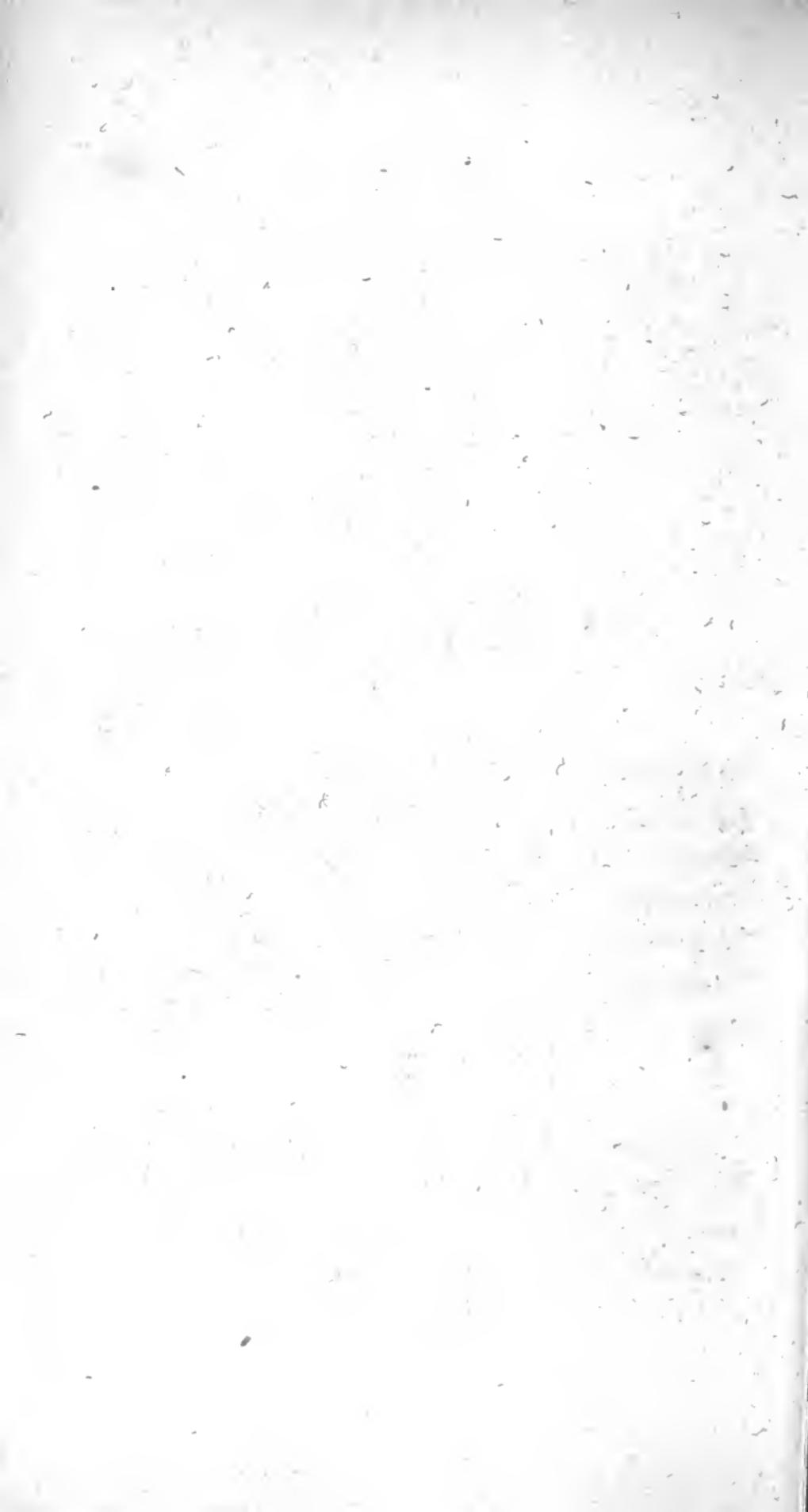
I stand in conscious dignity and strength,
And look with undimmed vision through the veil
That separates me from the spirit land.
And, as the deep, embosomed, holds the forms
Of those bright gems, whose real substance floats
In ether far above, so may I view
This dim and crumbling nothingness below,
While all that's real in existence thrills
With immortality.

Without this hope,
What error, chaos, and confusion reign ?
With it, what harmony, and truth, pervade,
E'en to our feeble range, the universe.
Upon this everlasting rock of truth
I stand, and feel a conscious power that bids
Defiance to the surging waves of time,
Or lull of death. As well might He who framed
The boundless universe, and circled out
Amid its endless depths, the viewless paths
Of wheeling systems, comets, suns, and worlds,
Himself grow feeble with the lapse of time,
And drop His mighty sceptre, as the soul,
A glowing spark of Deity itself,
Its conscious being loose.

What matter then,
Where death o'ertake us, so we are prepared
To meet and give it welcome. In thy hand
O God, I rest, and for thy summons wait!

L E L I A.

P A R T III.



L E L I A .

Part III.

THE circling year was drawing to a close.
The chilling frosts, like whitening locks of age,
Hung thick around ; and through the naked grove,
The wailing winds swept bleak and drear, as though
They sang its requiem. Above, the clouds
Were gathering like a pall, to wrap the earth
In gloom for burial in its snowy shroud.

Oh ! winter, stern and cold, thou art the twin
Of death ; for thou, like he, with icy touch,
Dost drive life's generous flowing currents back,
And hold them in thy chilling fetters bound !

The healthful ones may buffet thy embrace
A while, and sport in wild and reckless mirth
Amid thy desolation ; but the frail,
Dread thy approach, with thy long train of ills,
The worn and shattered frame cannot repel.

Thy heavy hand was laid on Lelia now ;
Yet still she lingered, like a summer bird
Impatient for its absent mate's return,
To quit its woodland home.

Her snowy hand,
Her faded cheek, her slow and feeble step,
All told that she was fading fast away.
She knew it well ; and for herself, she said,
She had no fears of death : it soon must come—
But, when she thought that Lelan might return
When she was gone, the pearly drops would steal
Unbidden from their fountains.

“ Why,” she said,
While gazing out upon the dreary plain,
“ Why is it that our fondest dreams of bliss
Elude our grasp, and leave but cankering care
To fester round our hearts ?

How oft I've gazed

Far o'er this plain where last I saw his form
Receding, but to turn away again,
All sad and lone, to brood in sorrow o'er
The wreck of earthly hopes !

Not long ago,—

And yet how long the passing moments seemed—
I felt the flush of health excite this frame,
And looked far down life's arched and flowery path
Until its long unbroken lines converged
In distance quite remote. 'Twas but a dream ;
That vanished like the fleeting mists of morn,
And left me, step by step, to tread upon
The thorns of disappointment. I can bear
But little more, and then all earthly hopes
Will end forever in the silent grave.
Then shall my spirit solve the mystery,
Our dull perceptions fail to fathom here.

My lute, once more upon thy yielding strings,
Let me, in pensive numbers, lay my hand,
And chant a lay of sadness to my heart,
Ere its own quivering strings, like thine, must part.

O, wherefore should I linger here,
 When those I fondly loved are gone,
 When all the world seems cold and drear,
 And I am left to pine alone !
 Yet lingering on the verge I stand,
 And dread to try the spirit land.

The unknown land beyond the tomb,
 Whose nearest beacon still must fail
 To throw one ray athwart the gloom
 That hangs above the lonely vale,
 Where death his silent vigil keeps,
 Along its dark and icy steeps.

But, courage, soul ! shake off this dust
 That blinds the sight, and clogs thy wing ;
 And in thy God and Saviour trust ;
 To whom it is a little thing
 To guide and guard thy lonely flight
 To realms of ever living light.

To Thee, my Saviour, Father, Friend,
 In solemn reverence let me bow !
 And ask that Thou wilt condescend
 To hear my prayer, and bless me now,

That I may feel, *my* spirit even
Thou wilt vouchsafe a home in heaven!"

She did not linger long ; and when she died,
The ocean buried Lelan's form beneath
Its lashing billows ; and their spirits met
On that fair orb they chose at parting here.
" My Lelan ! " " Lelia ! " and their spirits closed
In an embrace, so warm and tender, that
The Angel said, who stood to guard the gate,
" They are true lovers, let them pass within."
Here, they were clothed with immortality,
And golden harps placed in their trembling hands ;
While gathering round, the beautiful and bright
Forms bent to kiss their blooming cheeks, and bid
Them welcome to their happy home of bliss.
Then rang their harps, in choral anthem joined,
Through heaven's blue dome, as with swift hands they
swept
The yielding wires, and sang the well known strain
They oft before had sung o'er the redeemed.
Electrical, the sound was caught by those
Still farther round, whose ready harps were strung ;
And farther still, the swelling anthem rose,
Until God's temple trembled with the song :

Welcome to your happy home,
In heaven above ;
Where pain and death no more will come,
For God is love.

Mortals, faithful, you have won
This heaven above ;
Immortal now, love on, love on,
For God is love.

Blissful now forevermore
In heaven above ;
You have its range to gain the lore
That God is love.

Let the anthem louder ring
In heaven above ;
For earth hath heard the song we sing,
That God is love.

Angels, thrones, dominions, powers,
In heaven above,
Proclaim from your delightful bowers,
That God is love.

Love 's the theme of every tongue
In heaven above ;
Forever new, forever sung,
For God is love.

They ceased, and slowly died away the strain,
While answering, like an echo, through the dome,
The anthem's burden, ' God is love,' came up
From distant orbs, and morning stars, and suns,
Far out upon the verge of vision.

Now,
The stillness of devotion brooded o'er
This peaceful realm—the silence of the soul
While offering on the altar of its heart
The burning incense of its grateful love
To Him who gave it being.

Then, in pairs,
And groups, where fancy led, the throng retired :
Some to the flowery plains in beauty drest,
To groves, and glens, and lawns, and crystal streams ;
To gushing fountains, rocks, and waterfalls,
And to the golden strand of ' waters still.'

While Lelan and fair Lelia, motionless,
Like mortals waking from a sleep profound,
Confused and lost, with doubting sense remained ;
And glanced o'er life's dim scenes, as o'er a dream,
Receding, as their conscious powers awoke,
And felt the rapturous kindlings of a life,
To which existence in its highest range
On earth is but a shadow. Every sense
Disburdened of corrupt and cumberous clay,
Unwearied, drank delight without alloy.
Expanded vision traced celestial spheres,
In radiant beauty, circling far through heaven,
And reveled 'mid the purpling beams of light
At play in ether. Hearing, well attuned,
Was quick to catch the harmonies that breathe
Throughout creation. Taste, refined and pure,
Regaled uncloyed upon the bread of life.
The smell was greeted with the rosy breath
Of vernal morn in dewy freshness bathed.
And feeling gushed responsive to the play
Of perfect life vibrating with the pulse
Of immortality.

They stood entranced

Amid the bliss of heaven, like youthful birds,
Afraid to trust their wings. At length assured,

With circling arms, and looks of love, they strayed
O'er the green pastures to a smiling grove,
Where blossoms, fruits, and flowers, of richest hue,
And curling vines, in graceful arbors wreathed,
Invited their delay ; and thus, alone,
With holy greetings such as angels give,
Sat down, and told the stories of their lives,
As lovers tell their wild and wayward dreams.

While thus they talked, a beauteous angel came,
And leaning on his harp, with gentle voice,
Addressed them.

“ Let me not disturb your bliss ;
I come to teach your youthful wings to soar,
Where fields on fields of bliss untasted lie,
In virgin beauty, far beyond the reach
Of keenest vision,—where creative power,
In its infinity of love, has formed
Elysiums for the blest. Yet ere we plume
Our pinions for so strong and bold a flight,
Let us, a while, survey this fair domain,
And learn some lessons, it were well to know.
Come, let us go.”

And bending to their lips
The golden vase of flowers, he bid them sip
The dewy nectar from the fragrant cell.

Then, led them out upon the battlements,
And pointed to the deep and slumbering vale
That yawned beneath.

“ This is the vale of Death,
Through which come mortals to the spirit land.
Yon dark, impending shroud of mist and gloom,
That floats so heavily along, and veils
Its icy depths, is formed by sighs and tears
Out-gushing from yon world of sin.

I well
Remember, when the Great Creator flung
It fresh and blooming from his plastic hand,
The shout, from the assembled host of heaven,
As wheeling in its circling path, the light
First gleamed upon its lofty turrets. Down,
The angels, to its fair and virgin bowers,
Leaped joyously to greet the happy pair
Placed in its blissful Eden. But, alas !
They sinned, and lost their high estate, and brought
Innumerable ills upon their race.
Nearly six thousand times it now has rolled
With steady motion round its circling path ;
And how much longer it shall hold its place,
We know not ; but of late there have been signs
And whispers of some change, we know not what.
Much has been done, as you well know, to bring

Its children back from their apostacy ;
But still they lie in ignorance and sin,
And sigh, and weep, and wail, and groan, and die ;
And here, emerging from the vale below,
On this soft sloping bank their spirits land.
Observe, as now the vaporous mass rolls on,
How dark and dense becomes the gathering gloom
That hangs o'er Asia's curst and blighted land !
O land, once blest and favored more than all
The fair domains on which yon sun doth shine !
'Twas there in primal beauty Eden bloomed ;
And there, " The Sun of Righteousness arose
With healing in his wings." Jerusalem,
Once glorious in the light that played around
Thy sacred fanes and altars, reared in faith,
How proud a destiny was thine, to teach
The nations of the earth ! Thou *dost* instruct
Them still, but not in joy. The wail of woe
Comes from thy crumbling walls and ruined shrines ;
Thy sons and daughters, scattered o'er the earth,
A living lesson teach ; and on the page
Of holy inspiration stands the doom
Recorded, for thy deeds and broken faith.

Now, brightening northward, in a thinner haze,
O'er Europe's happier climes, the vapor spreads ;

And through the fleecy lightness of its shroud,
The spires of Britain's sacred temples gleam.

Now, south and westward, see the deepening mass
That rolls in denser clouds above the plains
Of Africa's benighted land.

Still on,

Observe, it softens down, and lightly hangs
In misty vapors, o'er the western world ;
And northward, breaks, disclosing to our view,
The land of liberty and equal rights ;
Whose modest temples, and whose spacious domes,
Send up a blended hymn of praise to God.
There, Faith and Hope, like lamps on either hand,
Light up the lone and dreary vale of death :
And many hail it as the gate of life,
And fearlessly await the appointed hour,
To pass its portals to the spirit land.
Let us go down, and stray along the shore.
The saints are often waiting here, to meet
The loved and faithful ones they left behind.
O, there are meetings here that touch the heart
With joy unspeakable !

See, bending o'er

The very brink, with arms outstretched, that form :—
 Ha ! now she clasps again her little boy,
 To part with whom, gave death its keenest pang.
 He knows that bosom well ; and as she looks,
 With that deep love a mother's breast can feel,
 Down on her darling boy, her cup is full.

There comes a stately form well known in heaven.
 The throng that now surround him, oft have hung
 Upon the words of comfort he proclaimed,
 With thrilling eloquence and power. They are
 A portion of his flock, and oft have told
 How he stood forth the champion of truth,
 And hurled its adversaries in the dust,
 And taught the people wisdom, day and night,
 And warned them to forsake the paths of sin,
 And live as men, that they might die in peace,
 With a sure hope of happiness in heaven.
 His was a glorious choice ; and rich the crown
 Of righteousness that shall adorn his brow.
 See, circling down and playing round his head
 A halo now its purpling beauty bends ;
 While greetings, from these loved and holy ones,
 Fill his warm heart with joy, no angel tongue
 Hath words to tell. 'They bear him to his rest.'"

While thus they stood, another form came up,
And glancing round, exclaimed, "In heaven at last!
I knew that I was right; did I not tell
The wretches they were on the road to hell?
Denounce their mode of worship, and their creed?
And hold them up before the gazing world,
To ridicule and scorn? The fools deserve
The burning wrath in store for them. But, hold—
Here is a wide domain. It cannot be
That this is heaven; 'tis larger than I thought;—
There are by far too many people here;
And, as I live, I see a methodist!—
"A bigot," said the angel; "such as these
Have always done much harm upon the earth;
Let him pursue his way; he yet may find
His solitary heaven."

With pious look,
And lengthened visage came another one.
And when he saw the multitude, began
To shout, and rant, and sing hosannas, loud,
And long. "Poor hypocrite," the angel said,
"Howe'er thy borrowed mantle may have served
Thy purpose *there*, 'tis scanty covering *here*."

The drunkard's spirit reeling came, and still
Unconscious, sang his bacchanalian songs.

With haggard look and wo-worn aspect, came
The suicide ; and as the filmy veil
Withdrew, he, gazing wildly round, exclaimed,
“ Ah, ha ! not dead ! ” and clutching in his hand
The imaginary steel, struck at his breast,
With quick and desperate thrusts. “ Deluded one,”
The angel said, “ Thou canst not take this life.
But thou wilt find a keener weapon here
Than shining blade to pierce thy breast—Remorse ! ”

Slowly as from its slime some monster creeps,
With reptile eye, the miser's spirit came.
He died upon his bags of gold, and now
Is feeling for them, wondering where they are ;
And, as he casts around his anxious glance,
His eyes fall on the diamonds glancing bright,
With other precious stones that gem the soil.
And as a sun-beam's gleam on polar ice,
So played the smile of joy that flashed across
His indurate face, as hurrying to and fro,
He snatched the precious treasures from their beds.

But, lo ! a new perplexity arose ;
His hands were full, and there were many more :—
Then he began to heap them snugly up,
When he was seized, and struggling borne away.

“ This,” more than any other, said their guide,
“ Is the accursed sin that blights yon orb.
The great Creator pours, from his full hand,
His bounteous blessings on its race in vain,
While such a selfish, sordid, spirit dwells
Upon its soil. It would soon blight e'en heaven,
And turn its blessings into merchandise ;
Seize on its fair domains, and farm them out ;
Grow proud and vain, ambitious of renown ;
Rule and oppress ; bid angels fawning stoop
To bear it on their wings, or softly fan
Its weary temples with their downy plumes ;
Engender envy, discord, hatred, strife,
Confusion wild, and on the tempest ride,
Till drunk with power, its spirit would defy
The living God, and seek to grasp his throne.
Man cannot hoard his *life* ; why should he seek
To hoard its *blessings* ? God supplies them both :
And he who grasps and hoards the latter, robs

Both God and man : God of the honor due,
And man of what he has a right to claim
By virtue of the life God gives. Yet this
Ingratitude, this sore and blighting sin,
Though in a thousand forms it lies concealed,
Is, after all, the ruling passion on yon orb,
And makes life but a struggle, while the strong,
By force or craft, subdue and rule the weak.
'Tis this, that makes its millions wail, and groan,
And grope about in ignorance, and gloom, -
Almost beyond the searching light of truth.
'Tis this, that binds the slave in servile chains ;
And holds, secure, the tyrant on his throne.
'Tis this that lights the torch of rampant war,
And brings the serried hosts upon the plain
To breast the bristling bayonet, and face
The deep-mouthed cannon, belching murderous death ;
Bids them engage in hot and deadly strife,
And s'ay each other with their might and main.
'Tis this that sends gaunt poverty abroad
Upon the earth, that *nobles*, *lords*, and *dukes*,
His royal majesty, his holiness,
May loll in gorgeous trappings at their ease,
And batten on their spoils, or nurse desire,
And pander to their wanton sensual lusts.

Insatiate passion, countless are the woes
Humanity endures beneath thy sway !”

In sad confusion, shrinking from the light
Amazed, the spirit of the deist came.
He stood, as one o'erwhelmed with rushing thought,
And shuddered as he said, “ Is it then so ?
Am I indeed awake and conscious still ?
Or is this but a phantom of the brain,
A floating fragment of earth's feverish dream ?
Would it were so. Alas ! alas ! I feel
My conscious powers awake with strange new life,
And pressing down upon me now the weight
Of an eternity I thought to spend
In undisturbed, oblivious, dreamless sleep.
Oh ! Nature, from whose book I wrung the lore
That lit my pathway through thy deepening shades,
Oh ! why, oh ! why, didst thou not teach me this !
I delved deep in the bosom of the Earth,
Brought forth her treasures to the light, found out
The chronicles she keeps, and read her age
And history, as written by her hand ;
Soared where the quiet stars their vigils keep ;
And with the lamp of science in my hand

Unveiled their mysteries, and learned the laws
That hold, and guide them in their dizzy spheres.
Athirst for knowledge patiently I turned
And read each leaf in thy vast volume o'er,
But, no where found upon its teeming page
This ponderous truth.

'Tis true, from woman weak,
Half witted men, fanatics and the like,
I heard it, and from men deemed insincere ;
But who could credit evidence like this,
Which Nature, by her silence, said was false.
Alas ! alas ! I now am here a child,
Perchance forever doomed to be the sport
Of those I thought but little else than fools.
Where shall I go ! O, that the ponderous rocks
And mountains now would fall upon, and hide
Me from this presence !”

And his cowering frame
Shook with vague fears of phantoms undefined.

“ Sad error this,” the angel said, “ to take
The light of Nature, rather than the light
Of Revelation for a guide. As well
Prefer the borrowed light of earth’s pale moon
To the effulgence of the noon-day sun.

The source of light is revelation ; all
Beside, is but reflected, shadowy, dim.
Many accounted wise on earth thus err.
And wander through the dark and dreary maze
Of abstract lore, in search of abstract truth ;
And pride themselves on finding out the laws
Which they call Nature's, and from them deduce
Wise speculations, theories, and signs,
While they forget that He who gave, as well,
Can abrogate them with a single breath ;
That He who said, " Let there be light," can veil
The sun ; can stop the earth in its career,
Dissolve it into vapor, and disperse
Its elements again throughout the void."

The spirits of the proud and haughty came,
And bending on the crowd a look of scorn,
With hasty step strode o'er the flowery lawn.

With winning smile, the libertine was seen
To cast his passion glances on the forms
Of angel beauty, mingling in the throng,
And ministering wherever mercy called.

The spirits of the poor by thousands came ;
Earth's toil-worn sons and daughters, whose whole life
Was one dull task that ended at the grave :
They scarcely seemed to have a thought, or hope,
And looked with vacant stare upon the scene,
And sank down on the soft green sod to rest.

The blind came up, and when their spirits caught
The light their darkened orbs had ne'er beheld,
They stood as though struck dumb, and wildly gazed
Upon the gushing beauty thus unveiled.

The lame leaped joyously to find their limbs
All lithe, and ready to perform their part.

The dumb broke forth in songs. The deaf stood still
With parted lips, and listening ear, inclined,
To catch the harp-tones wasted on the air.

Thus wandering down the margin of the vale,
They viewed the ever coming spirits land
Upon the shores of immortality,
From every clime and nation of the earth.
And oft they paused and dwelt upon some scene
Full of instruction to the mind and heart.
For there were meetings of the loved and lost ;

Of friends, of parents, husband, wife and child,—
Re-unions of affection's tenderest ties ;
And some, alas ! that met with deadliest hate
Still unsubdued, and rankling at the heart.
The murderer met his victim face to face.
The slanderer saw and quailed beneath the gaze
Of those whose characters he sought to mar.
The meek-eyed maiden saw and loved again
The wretch who blighted all her hopes on earth.

The brother met the brother whose close hand
Unclasped not, when misfortune weighed him down,
But left him to the kindlier care of those
Whose manlier hearts, and nobler souls, spurned not
A brother for the crime of being poor.
The trembling slave his cruel master saw,
Whose presence brought to mind again the lash.
Oppressor, and oppressed, the rich, the poor,
The ignorant, the wise, the powerful,
The weak, the bond, the free, the good, the bad,
All met and mingled for a time again.
And principles, and actions were explained,
That had been unsolved mysteries on earth.
These, as they passed along, were all reviewed :
And startling were the truths that were disclosed ;
Oft placing crime on other heads than those

On which the world had placed it ; and, oft good,
Were least it was suspected to be found ;
While actions lauded to the very skies,
Oft blushed to meet the motive face to face
That called them forth.

The vale encompassed, they,
Conducted by their angel guide, returned
To their abode of bliss. "I leave you now,"
He said, "but will return to you again
Ere long, when we will be prepared to pay
Some pleasant visits to the neighboring orbs.
Meantime be happy, as you now are blest."
And lifting from their radiant brows his hands,
He left them in their blissful bower alone.

Thus Lelan :—“ Lelia, what could win us back
To mingle in the groveling scenes of earth.
Surely not all the honor it could give ;
Not all the wealth embosomed in its soil ;
Not all the power the mightiest monarch wields ;
A moment’s bliss in heaven is worth them all ;

And yet how many thousands peril this,
To gain these vain and fleeting things of earth.
To feel and know that we are happy now
Beyond the reach of care, of time, or change,
Surrounded by the beautiful and good,
To live and love forever, it is heaven.”
And Lelia with her harp responsive sung :

It is heaven !—above us the blue skies are bending,
Like wings of an angel out-spread o'er the world ;
While the light through the azure is softly descending,
From orbs that are floating in ether empearled.

It is heaven ;—for Eden’s sweet flowers are blooming
In their own native gardens, that spread far away,
And with fresh balmy odors the soft air perfuming,
That gently encircles their blooms in its play.

It is heaven !—the spray from the pure crystal fountains,
Floats off on the zephyrs through purpling beams,
Forming halos, enwreathing the tops of the mountains,
That are mirrored again in the depths of the streams.

It is heaven!—the groves on the plains and the highlands
 Are waving their boughs in the light fanning breeze,
 And look, in the distance, like beautiful islands
 On the soft heaving bosom of emerald seas.

It is heaven!—the hymn of creation is swelling,
 As worlds call to worlds from their orbits afar,
 Harmoniously blending the praise they are telling
 With cadences wafted from star unto star.

It is heaven!—pavilioned in beauty and brightness,
 That ne'er shall be touched by disease or decay,
 Our spirits, as free as the air in its lightness,
 May repose amid blossoms, or float far away.

It is heaven—and calm are these peaceful dominions;
 No shadow e'er falls on the land from above,
 But the swift flitting hues from the radiant pinions
 Of angels, on errands of mercy and love.

It is heaven:—no more is there sorrow and weeping;
 For death hath no victim in this happy clime;
 Far down in the valley his pale corse is sleeping,
 Enwrapt by the motionless pinions of time.

It is heaven—what more can we ask of the power
Who does all things well, and whose love cannot change,
Than this, life immortal with heaven our dower,
And the boundless extent of creation our range !”

“ With thee,” said Lelan, “ ‘tis enough ; without
Thee, even this existence were as cold,
And cheerless as the depths of yonder vale.
‘Thou, who, on earth, wast delicate and fair,
And tender as the passion-flower’s bloom,
Art here a brilliant star, round which I love
In cyclic sport to play ; to gaze on thee,
And revel in the warm and lustrous light
That zones thy beauteous form ; to catch thy look
Of tenderness and love, that beams as soft
And trusting, as a babe’s first conscious smile.
‘Thou art my own bright one, to circle on
This bosom ever, as I fold thee now,
In fadeless youth. No more shall care oppress,
Or fears disturb, or pain distress thy life—
No poison, here, floats on the ambient air
To steal the bloom and beauty from thy cheek.
But ever thus, forever mine ; our home,
In heaven ; our range, all space ; our Saviour, Christ ;

Our father, God; and God is love. It is
Enough; more would be pain; and less, despair.”

“ If I,” said Lelia, “ am a brilliant star,
Thou art the radiant sun that gives it light;
Thine were the beams that kindled first its flame;
And all of warmth, or beauty, it can give,
Is thine, forever thine. I loved thee there,
In yon dark world, as woman loves; but here,
My spirit thrills with rapture, as I gaze
Upon thy manly form, and hold thee close,
As yonder vine clings to the stately palm.
Oh! Lelan, I am happy now. I oft,
While on the earth, in spirit, wandered here,
And dreamed of thee and heaven; but, ah! how vague
And fleeting were the shadows then, compared
With the sublime realities, I feel,
I see, I know! How wonderful the change!
How slight and simple seem the means employed!”

“ The Great First Cause,” said Lelan, “ does things
thus:
The instrument with which he works is truth,
Clothed with his energies, in simplest garb.

That things to mortals are mysterious,
Is not because the things themselves are dark,
But the perceptions through which they are viewed.
The soul God gives to them, at first is pure,
And perfect, as are all his works ; but soon
It gets distorted in its passage through
Its feeble and imperfect organs. This
Condition is the effect of Adam's fall—
This, is the loss of Eden to the soul.
But God is love, and ever loves to make
His children happy. 'Twas for this he sent
His Son to make atonement for all sin,
The cause of which is traced to Adam's fall :
The rest must be repented of, or borne.
For this, He came, to win them back from sin,
That he might give them perfect life, and clothe
Their longing spirits in a perfect form
For everlasting happiness in heaven :
The truth of which our spirits know and feel.
But yonder comes our guide, all plumed in light,
And radiant as a star."

" Hail ! happy ones,"

Saluting them, he said : "I come again
To guide you through more pleasing scenes than those
We met in yon deep vale.

We first will take

Our stand upon the sun ; and pausing there,
Will hear the hymn the solar system chants,
As wheeling in their orbits round his throne,
The planets blend their soft melodious tones.
And then from orb to orb our course will lie—
To Mercury, Venus, Earth, and Mars. We then
Will view the ruins of the riven world,
And stray among the fragments floating round
This mighty desolation. Then, away
To glorious Jupiter, whose zones and moons,
In brilliant beauty, never fail to charm
The love-lit eyes that gaze upon them there.
Then on to Saturn, gorgeously enthroned
Amid her satellites, and splendid rings.
To Herschel, and to Neptune ; then, still on,
Until we reach the outer verge that rims
This sun's dominions—where the comets play,
In their vast orbits, as connecting links,
In this and other systems. There the soft
And twilight hues of eve on us will smile,
While from afar, the anthem of the orbs
Will fall in softer cadence on the ear.
Selecting then a comet's path, away,
O'er the abyss profound, that lies between,—
Where light meets light from distant central suns,

In feeble, fitful gleams,—to take our stand
Amid the circling splendors that surround
Another sun, to hear new hymns of praise,
And view new scenes of grandeur unexplored.
Then on, on, on; the scene is ever new,
Forever endless, as the circles are
In which creation moves—eternal types
Of immortality, of truth, of God.”

“O, this is bliss !” said Lelia. “ Let us go !”
Said Lelan. “ Come,” the angel said, “ away !”
And as they passed the earth, fair Lelia flung
These notes from her swift pinions, I have sung.







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